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CARDINAL NEWMAN:

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

BY

HENRY J. JENNINGS,

AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM," ETC.

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"Newman has been the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, which was alarmed by an era of revolutions, and is looking for safety in the forsaken beliefs of the ages which it has been tempted to despise."—J. A. FROUDE.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

The fact that I am not a Roman Catholic does not, I hope, disqualify me for attempting to sketch, however imperfectly, the career of a great dignitary of the Roman Church. I have endeavoured to write Cardinal Newman's Life without, on the one hand, concealing my own views, or, on the other, expressing them so as to give offence to those Catholics into whose hands the book may fall.

HENRY J. JENNINGS.

Handsworth Wood,
Birmingham.

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CARDINAL NEWMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Boyhood—Disraeli and Newman Playfellows—Love for the Bible—Superstitious Views in Youth—Oxford—the "Blue Ribbon" of the University—Holy Orders—Influence of Whately—Tutorship—Wide Range of his Studies—Froude's Reminiscences—"Credo in Newmannum"—Determination to a Theological Career—Pusey and Keble—Newman's Appearance—His Fame as a Preacher—Criticisms by his Contemporaries.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN is one of the most remarkable men of the present century. He is remarkable both on account of his great intellectual gifts, and on account of the vicissitudes of his long and eventful career. During the best part of threescore years he has been at all times a notable factor in the history of the religious movements of the age. Mr. Austin, an acute critic, accurately described him during his lifetime as "the man in the working of whose individual mind the intelligent portion of the English public is more interested than in that of any other living person." Whether as Oxford preacher, or Anglican reformer, or Tractarian disputant, or Catholic controversialist, or Roman Cardinal, he has continually filled a large place in popular interest. Whatever people may think of his creed, they never have two opinions about his vast mental endowments. In him intellectual subtlety is combined with a rare profundity of learning. As a theologian, dialectician, philosopher, historian, critic, poet, and preacher he has made a great and enduring mark Skilful in controversy, earnest in all matters of belief, pure and high-minded in every action of his life, sincere when the world, with all the captiousness of the *odium theologicum*, deemed him insincere, he has filled with a

noble record the long chapter of his fourscore and odd years. To most Englishmen his features, through the agency of the camera, are familiar enough. They will readily recall his keen, ascetic face, as aquiline in character as that of the great Condé—a face worn with the deep furrows of one who has thought much, and troubled much, and perhaps suffered much. Still more readily will they recall the various episodes of his life,—his early fame as a preacher; his identification with a movement which was then thought, and is still thought by many, to have had for its effect, whatever may have been its aim, the introduction of a Romanising spirit into the Church of England; his ultimate secession to Rome; his influence over a large body of waverers when the Catholic fever was at its height; his controversies; the honours conferred upon him in his old age; and his quiet, sequestered, lettered life at the Edgbaston Oratory. They will recall too, how the sense of bitterness caused by his secession—the sense of betrayal, so to speak,—which has long since given way to a feeling of respectful confidence since his true character has been laid bare, and the world has come to recognise that every action of his life has been inspired by the deepest and holiest convictions of conscience. It is not necessary that one should be a communicant in the Church of Rome to cherish a recollection bordering on reverence for the eminent Oratorian. No man in this world—not even the self-mortifying saints of the Roman hagiology—ever led a holier life in the sense of purity, and piety, and devotional earnestness, and conscientious zeal. Few men have ever handled the weapons of polemical warfare with a more consummate skill. Not very many have rivalled him in the productiveness of his intellectual life, or in the variety of his intellectual gifts.

It is of this distinguished man that I propose to give a short sketch in the following pages. In doing so, a controversial tone will be as much as possible avoided. There is no need for the narrator to mix himself up with the passions of a bygone period, or to identify himself with the partisans of a particular creed. Nor will the sketch make any pretensions to furnish new and hitherto unpublished material. When Cardinal Newman's biography comes to be fully written, as no doubt it will be by some of those with whom he has spent so many years in fraternal intercourse

at the Oratory, the materials for estimating his work will probably be richer than they are now. As it is, I pretend to no more than to compress into a brief narrative what is publicly known about the main facts of a very remarkable life.

John Henry Newman was born in London, on Feb. 21st, 1801, and baptised a few yards from the Bank of England. He was a son of Mr. John Newman, a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman and Co. This Mr. John Newman was, says the Rev. T. Mozley, "of a family of small landed proprietors in Cambridgeshire, and had an hereditary taste for music, of which he had a practical and scientific knowledge, together with much general culture. From being chief clerk to a bank he became a partner in the firm, Ramsbottom, Newman and Co., 72, Lombard Street. John Newman was an enthusiast in his way, and he bestowed some labours of calculation upon the various popular schemes of the day, such as that for making England independent of foreign timber, by planting all our waste lands. He was a Freemason, and had a high standing in the craft, into which, however, no one of his three sons was initiated. He was also a member of the Beef Steak Club. In 1800 he married Jemima Fourdrinier, of a well known Huguenot family long known in the city of London as engravers and paper manufacturers. Two of Mrs. Newman's brothers introduced from Italy the machine for making endless coils of paper, which up to that time had only been made in sheets, by the slow work of the hand. The mother was from first to last thoroughly loyal to her family traditions, and all the early teaching of her children was that modified Calvinism which retained the Assembly's Catechism as a text, but put into young hands Watts, Baxter, Scott, Romaine, Newton, Milner—indeed, any writer who seemed to believe and feel what he wrote about." John Henry's younger brother, Francis, starting from the same point, and influenced at the outset by much the same training, arrived at conclusions diametrically opposed to his own. While the one drifted to religious liberalism, to pure Theism in fact, the mind of the other was gradually schooled to the opposite pole of Faith. How the result came about in the case of the more celebrated of the two we shall see by-and-bye.

Of John's early life little is known except what he has told us himself, and that little has chiefly to do with his religious views. During the early part of his childhood he lived with his father in a street close to Bloomsbury Square. It is not a little remarkable than one of his early playmates should have been Benjamin Disraeli. According to the *Catholic Times*, "on most Saturday afternoons in the last year of the first decade of the present century two boys, aged respectively nine and five, might have been seen playing in the gardens of Bloomsbury Square, London. The boys, both natives of the Square, offered the most complete contrast to each other in appearance. The younger, whose head was profuse with long black glossy ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish type of beauty, and full of life and activity. The other was grave in demeanour, and wore his hair close cut, and walked and talked and moved in a way which in young people is called 'old fashioned.' He was of pure English race and Puritan family. The names of the children denoted these differences as much as their appearances. The one was Benjamin Disraeli, the other John Newman." Both of these lads had a great future before them: one becoming Prime Minister of Great Britian, and the other a Roman Cardinal.

Young Newman was brought up from a child to take great delight in reading the Bible. A child's love for the Bible depends very much on the manner in which he is introduced to it. If it be made a penal book, or even an ordinary lesson book,—if the child has to read out of it as part of his daily task and to learn portions of it by heart when he has been naughty, then the chances are that he will grow up, if not positively to hate it, yet blind to the charm of its narrative, the richness of its imagery, the glow and loftiness of its poetry, and the comfort of its consolations. When Newman tells us that he was brought up to take great delight in reading the Bible, we may be sure that the delight sprang from methods of a very different kind from those which obtain in families where the Scriptures are austerely crammed down the throats of the youngsters. He formed no religious convictions till he was fifteen. He remembered wishing that the Arabian tales were true, and his mind ran on unknown influences, on

magical powers, and talismans. He thought life might be a dream, and he an angel, and all this world a deception. These were remarkable imaginings for so young a mind. A taste for the mysterious, for the supernatural, for the occult, is not altogether phenomenal in early boyhood, especially in the case of boys with the imaginative faculty vigorously developed; but it rarely takes such strange and mystic shapes as young Newman experienced. He was "very superstitious," and used to cross himself on going into the dark. In one of his school copy-books he drew a solid upright cross and a string of beads. He was not clear how these symbols of Rome got into his head, but supposed that he got the idea from some romance,—Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's,—or some religious picture. There was nothing in the churches he attended, or the prayer-books he used, to suggest them. The fact, after all, is of no great importance. Hundreds of boys draw crosses and beads, who are as little under the influence of Roman methods as he was at that time. Probably he was as little moved by the subject of this early draughtsmanship as nine hundred and ninety-nine schoolboys out of every thousand would be. At the age of fourteen, he read Paine's Tracts against the Old Testament, and "found pleasure" in thinking of the objections that were contained in them. He also read some of Hume's Essays, perhaps that on Miracles; so at least he gave his father to understand, "but perhaps it was a brag." Here, at any rate, was evidence of a studious and contemplative turn. Paine and Hume are curious works for a boy to select at an age when *Robinson Crusoe*, or some narrative of heroic heeds and stirring adventure, generally captivates the fancy. But Newman's was a precocious intellect —precocious only in the sense of being in advance of his years. It had none of the weakness and want of endurance which sometimes characterize minds of this class.

When he was fifteen he fell under the influences of a definite creed, and received into his intellect—these are his own words —impressions of dogma. He read books of the school of Calvin, received the doctrine of final perseverance, believed in his own inward conversion, and that he was elected to eternal glory. The dominant faculty of his intelligence came thus early into play. The boy was a theologian even

in his teens. At an age when most lads rarely trouble themselves about serious matters at all, or, if they do, care very little about the doctrinal basis of their belief, he was already studying grave problems of religion, isolating himself from surrounding objects, and confirming himself in his mistrust of the reality of material phenomena. He rested, he has told us, in the thought of two, and two only, supreme and luminously self-evident beings—himself and his Creator. Stronger influences began by-and-bye to assert themselves over his nature. A deep impression was made upon him by Thomas Scott, "to whom," he says, "(humanly speaking) I owe my soul," and whose "bold unworldliness and vigorous independence of mind" left visible impressions upon his plastic intelligence. Before he was sixteen he made a collection of Scripture texts in proof of the doctrine of the Trinity; and a few months later he arranged a series of texts in support of each verse of the Athanasian Creed. From this time he gave a full inward assent and belief to the doctrine of eternal punishment, in as true a sense as he held that of eternal happiness. Then, he had been reading Milner's Church History, and had been "nothing short of enamoured" of the long extracts from St. Augustine and the other Fathers. He read, too, Newton on the Prophecies, and was convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. His imagination, he tells us, was "stained" by the effects of this doctrine until 1843, which remained even after it was obliterated from his reason, as "a sort of false conscience." He was still only fifteen when the idea possessed him that it was the will of God he should lead a single life; that he ought to lead a missionary life among the heathen, for which celibacy would be a condition. It is almost amusing to think of this mere lad taking such matters seriously into his consideration at all.

At a very early age indeed, says Mr. Mozley in his "Reminiscences," young Newman "was sent to Dr. Nicholas's, at Ealing, said to be the best preparatory school in the country.' There were 300 boys there, and many of them became distinguished in several ways. John H. Newman rose, almost at a bound, to the head of the school, where before long he was followed by his no less remarkable

and even more precocious brother, Frank Newman." The same writer adds that "he very early mastered music as a science, and attained such a proficiency on the violin that, had he not become a Doctor of the Church, he would have been a Paganini. At the age of twelve he composed an opera. He wrote in albums, improvised masques and idyls, and only they who see no poetry in 'Lead, kindly light,' or in the 'Dream of Gerontius,' will deny that this gift entered into his birthright."

From Dr. Nicholas's he went straight to Trinity College, Oxford. When he had been there but a term or two "a great blow fell on him, and changed his destiny. The bank in Lombard Street was one of many London banks which, with as many as a hundred country banks, succumbed under the pressure caused by the contraction of the currency and the rapid fall of prices on the return of peace. Henceforth Newman could have little or no aid from his friends. The father took the Alton Brewery, which for two or three years became the head-quarters of the family, making the place ever after very dear in their memories. The father could not make the brewery answer, though he seems to have studied the business thoroughly and to have applied himself to it with much diligence. There finally remained nothing but the mother's jointure, which was soon sadly diminished by the successive reduction of the interest from 5 per cent. to 4, and then to 3."

This reverse of fortune compelled Newman to take his degree at the earliest possible time, namely, at Michaelmas, 1820, when he was not quite nineteen years of age. Instead of taking honours he came out "under the line," in as low a position as he could be. It is said that he had been ill, and deprived of sleep, and had even neglected to take food, but his own explanation is that he had been too discursive to make the proper preparation, and that he alone was answerable for his failure. He spent five or six years of his academic life at Trinity, and formed several warm friendships there, especially those with Isaac Williams and W. J. Copeland. The then drift of his religious views may be judged from the fact that in 1821 he published two cantos of a poem on "St. Bartholomew's Eve," which he prefaced with a brief narrative, in which he said that "the year of our

Lord 1572 will ever be branded with infamy and recollected with horror, as the date of this most barbarous and cold-blooded massacre."

In 1823 Newman was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. The influences under which he was thus brought were of the most intellectual kind. The Fellowships of Oriel were open, and she was able to draw to her some of the ablest men in the University. The late Lord Grenville used to term an Oriel Fellowship at this time the Blue Ribbon of the University, and the distinction attained by such men as Hawkins, Davison, Keble, Whately, Arnold, Pusey, Newman, Hurrell Froude, and the Wilberforces was a fair justification of the metaphor. Newman was thus introduced to a society leavened with the most intellectual influences, and animated by a spirit of inquiry above mere scholarship. It is questionable, perhaps, whether the supreme contempt evinced by the guiding minds of Oriel for mundane honours tended to raise the academic tone of the college. The brilliant galaxy of Fellows had its disadvantages as well as its advantages, and the scholarship of the students was apt to suffer through the want of a more practical government. Newman's academical career assumed at once, both on account of his splendid gifts as well as through the associations of Oriel, the promise of conspicuous brilliancy. University tradition tells of his wide scholarship, his omnivorous reading, his retentive memory, and his clear, methodical intellect. About this time he fell under different influences from those to which he had hitherto been subjected. Dr. Whately, and Dr. Hawkins, then Vicar of St. Mary's, began to give him new ideas and instil into him new phases of thought. The latter taught him to weigh his words and be cautious in his statements; and gave him some of those "logical ideas" which were afterwards supposed by his opponents to savour of the polemics of Rome. Dr. Hawkins seems to have been a severe, but probably a just critic.

The death of his father, shortly after, broke up their home, and the family moved about from one place to another, staying for short periods at Brighton, Strand-on-the Green, and other places. In 1824 Newman took orders and was appointed to the curacy of St. Clement's, a quaint little

building just outside Oxford. His first sermon was preached from the text "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." It was not, perhaps, an altogether undesigned coincidence that the last sermon he preached at St. Mary's, before resigning the living in 1843, should have been from the same text. As regards his earlier pulpit efforts he had a candid friend in Dr. Hawkins, who "snubbed" them, and encouraged greater precision of language. The church, however, was well attended, "and although the sermons, for the first, rather puzzled Mr. Hill and his weekly synod, they passed the censorship, and were pronounced, on the whole, spiritual." Before this, however, Dr. Hawkins had lent Newman a work which influenced him to give up his remaining Calvinism and to receive the doctrines of Baptismal Regeneration, and Tradition. He laid it down as a principle that the sacred text was never intended to teach doctrine, but only to prove it; and that for doctrine one must go to the formularies of the Church,—the Catechism and the Creeds. Whately held the same view. Newman adopted it, and one of its consequences was to lead him to withdraw from the Bible Society, at the root of whose principle it struck. It is not necessary, however, to follow closely the thread of Newman's own narrative as to the formation of his religious opinions. We find that he was brought more directly into Whately's companionship by being appointed, in 1825, Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, of which the latter was at the head. At one time he found himself drifting in the direction of Liberalism, and using "flippant language against the Fathers." Four years later, however, he formally broke with Whately, having been recalled to his former condition of mind by two great blows—illness and bereavement. "One morning in 1826"—to quote again from Mr. Mozley—"Newman received a very short note from Lloyd—'Dear Newman, step in please, for a moment.' Newman thought it might be a reference or a memorandum, something lent, or lost, a date, or what not, and ran to Christ Church. Upon his opening Lloyd's door the Professor asked, 'Newman, how old are you?' 'Five and twenty.' 'Get away, you boy, I don't want you,' was all the explanation given, and Newman had almost forgotten it, when he heard next day that Jelf

had, through Lloyd, been selected for the tutorship of Prince George of Cumberland. The only restriction to Lloyd's choice was the limitation of age—twenty-seven."

Newman now became tutor at Oriel in Jelf's place, an office which he held until 1831. The way in which he discharged the functions of this responsible post may be guessed from a remark which he let fall many years later in addressing a deputation which had come to congratulate him on some special occasion. He said then that the teaching of classics did not absolve the tutor from the responsibility of imparting an ethical training. "I consider," he added, "the college tutor to have a care of souls."

In 1827, so high was his distinction as a ripe scholar, that he was appointed one of the Examiners for the B.A. degree. Nor was his knowledge confined to academical subjects. He read omnivorously, and "studied modern thought and modern life—in all its forms, and with all its many-coloured passions." "Newman's mind," says Mr. J. A. Froude, "was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. I was told that, though he rarely drank wine, he was trusted to choose vintages for the college cellar. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's 'Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington' came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. 'Think?' he said, 'it makes one burn to have been a soldier!'"

The same writer, whose sketch of Dr. Newman in *Good Words* attracted considerable interest on its appearance, also gives the following particulars of his University life:—"He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present. He was

never condescending with us (undergraduates), never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong, he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say . . . . The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men *Credo in Newmannum* was the genuine symbol of faith."

Prior to this, however, he had attained some distinction as a writer. In 1830, a proposal was made to him to contribute a work to a Theological Library then in course of formation. The outcome of this invitation was the "History of the Arians." Up to this time, Newman had, according to a trustworthy authority, half resolved to give himself to science and mathematics. The tendency of his new studies, however, was to determine him to a theological career. Ecclesiastical history appears to have had from the first a peculiar fascination for him, and its influence is traceable in much of his subsequent conduct.

"In his earlier Oriel days," says Mr. Mozley, "Newman rode a good deal. The use—and still more the possession—of a horse was then one of the principal charms of a Fellowship. . . . Newman rode well enough to come to no mishaps. Besides taking his chance of the Oxford hacks, he had for some time a rather dangerous animal, Kleffor, a pretty creature with Arab blood, which had been brought over from Ireland with Lord Abercorn, then at Christ Church. It was said that she had been bred in small square enclosures, where she had to get her living by picking up what she could on the rough edges of the ground. In such a place, when she chose to take a run, she had to turn a sharp angle every two hundred yards. This tendency remained, and involved some strain on the rider's attention, and nerve also. Newman had always a

difficulty in keeping her straight and saving himself from his own momentum."

He formed during this period intimacies of an enduring and influential kind with Pusey and Keble. In 1828 he received the incumbency of St. Mary's Church, with the outlying chaplaincy of Littlemore, and this he held till 1843. His appearance about this time is graphically described by the contemporary observer already quoted. "He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers, and in both cases, too, perhaps the devotion was rather due to the personal ascendancy of the leader than to the cause which he represented. It was Cæsar, not the principle of the empire, which overthrew Pompey and the constitution. *Credo in Newmannum* was a common phrase at Oxford, and is still unconsciously the faith of nine-tenths of the English converts to Rome."

Mr. Mozley's pen and ink portrait might be quoted here as a companion picture to the above. Newman—whom Henry Wilberforce used to call 'Ο Μέγας—"did not carry his head aloft or make the best use of his height. He did not stoop, but he had a slight bend forwards, owing perhaps to the rapidity of his movements, and to his always talking while he was walking. His gait was that of a man upon serious business bent, and not on a promenade. There was no pride in his foot or defiance in his eye. Robust and ruddy sons of the Church looked on him with condescending pity as a poor fellow whose excessive

sympathy, restless energy, and general unfitness for this practical world would soon wreck him. Thin, pale, and with large lustrous eyes ever piercing through this veil of men and things, he hardly seemed made for this world. Canon Bull meeting him one day in the Parks, after hearing he had been unwell, entreated him to spare what fibre he had for a useful career. His dress—it became almost the badge of his followers—was the long-tailed coat, not always very new. Newman never studied his 'get-up,' or even thought of it. He had other uses for his income, which in these days would be thought poverty."

Newman soon gained a reputation as a preacher. His style was wonderfully lucid, his language coloured with the rich glow of a picturesque imagination. Of action and dramatic effect he had none; he read his sermons with his eyes fixed for the most part on his manuscript, but what he lacked in the Demosthenic qualification of an orator he made up for in a voice of singular and persuasive sweetness. Mr. Gladstone has described the impression left upon his mind by Newman's preaching, about 1837. "Dr. Newman," he said, in a speech on Preaching, delivered at the City Temple in 1877, "when I was an undergraduate at Oxford, was looked upon rather with prejudice as what is termed a Low Churchman, but was very much respected for his character and his known ability. He was then vicar of St. Mary's at Oxford, and used to preach there. Without ostentation or effort, but by simple excellence, he was constantly drawing undergraduates more and more around him. Now, Dr. Newman's manner in the pulpit was one about which, if you considered it in its separate parts, you would arrive at very unsatisfactory conclusions. There was not very much change in the inflexion of the voice; action there was none. His sermons were read, and his eyes were always bent on his book, and all that, you will say, is against efficiency in preaching. Yes, but you take the man as a whole, and there was a stamp and a seal upon him; there was a solemn sweetness and music in the tone; there was a completeness in the figure, taken together with the tone and with the manner, which made even his delivery, such as I have described it, and though exclusively from written sermons, singulary attrac-

tive." "No one," says Mr. J. A. Froude, "who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the university. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome! from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion, and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock." Mr. Froude, by way of illustrating Newman's powers as a preacher, relates that on one occasion he described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's passion; then he paused. "For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said, 'Now, I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God.' It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries."

The testimony of his then contemporaries is more valuable than anything else in helping us, at a distance of so many years, to comprehend the fascinations of Mr. Newman's pulpit style. Another of these contemporaries was Mr. Oakeley, who in his *Notes on the Tractarian Movement* gives the following graphic picture of the leader of the party. "The service (at St. Mary's), like its companion in the forenoon, was conducted entirely by Mr. Newman, who had succeeded, in his turn, as Fellow of Oriel, to the incumbency of the parish. Mr. Newman was, in fact, everything in this office—alike without rival and without coadjutor; he was reader, preacher, and celebrant; nay, music and ceremonial also; for if these various

departments were ever actually filled by others, they have faded from the memory, which has settled down on him alone. It was from that pulpit that Sunday after Sunday were delivered those marvellous discourses which have been since collected into several volumes, and of which it may be said that there is hardly a sentence which does not form a study for the philosopher. Nor was it in the pulpit alone that Mr. Newman had the gift of throwing a character essentially his own over the work in which he was engaged. He succeeded in imparting to the Anglican service, and especially to that portion of it which from the lips of most clergymen was either an unimpressive recital or a pompous effort—the reading of the lessons—an indescribable charm of touching beauty, and a wonderful power of instructive efficacy. His delivery of Scripture was a sermon in which you forgot the human preacher; a drama in which the vividness of the representation was marred by no effort and degraded by no art. He stood before the sacred volume as if penetrating its contents to their very centre, so that his manner alone, his pathetic changes of voice, or his thrilling pauses, seemed to convey the commentary in the simple enunciation of the text. He brought out meanings where none had been even suspected, and invested passages which in the hands of the profane are often the subject of unbecoming levity, with a solemnity which forced irreverence to retire abashed into its hiding-places."

CHAPTER II.

The Tractarian Movement—Hostility to Religious Liberalism—Origin of the Movement—Hurrell Froude—Newman's Illness in Sicily—"Lead, Kindly Light"—Keble's Influence—The "Christian Year"—Newman, the Intellectual Leader—"Tracts for the Times"—The "Via Media"—Hampden's Appointment—"Tract XC"—Its Effect in Oxford—Action of the Hebdomadal Council—Precipitancy of Condemnation—Discontinuance of the Tracts—Collision with the Nation—Literary Activity—Newman and the "Times."

THE history of the Tractarian movement has been so often and so ably told that it will not be necessary to give more than an outline of it in the present volume. It was far different in its origin from its ultimate development. There was no thought of the *Via Media* at the outset. The views of its leaders, or at least of some of them, grew bolder in the course of the eight years or so of their activity. It was considered imperative by a handful of zealous young Oxford men, in 1833, that something should be done to stem the tide of religious Liberalism that seemed to be making headway. The anti-dogmatic principle was gaining ground. Apprehensions were excited that the Church was in danger of destruction. It is a significant circumstance that the High Church revival began in less than a twelvemonth from the passing of the Reform Bill, and the suppression of two archbishoprics and eight bishoprics in Ireland. It is impossible to divest it altogether of a political character. Its founders fancied that a great and united effort was needed to check the Radical tendencies of the times. Lord Grey had recommended the bishops to put their house in order. "The vital question," as Newman put it, was "How are we to keep the Church from being Liberalized?"

What he meant by Liberalism he has explained in a note to the later editions of the *Apologia*. "It means," he says, "false liberty of thought, or the exercise of thought upon matters in which, from the constitution of

the human mind, thought cannot be brought to any successful issue, and therefore is out of place." The school of anti-dogmatic theology which excited this animosity numbered amongst its foremost men Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and Dr. Whately. It was, in fact, the nucleus of that intellectual movement which later on developed into the Broad Church party, and influenced in so great a degree the religious tendencies of the age. Newman and his friends were angered by the spirit that was abroad, and they entered upon the work of its destruction with unforbearing zeal. It was afterwards their fate to be discomfited by the allies of this same party. Newman's feelings towards the Liberals, whom he subsequently charged with having "driven him from Oxford"—a charge which on mature consideration he found himself unable to modify—were expressed in a copy of verses written in 1833 in the *British Magazine*, and afterwards printed in the *Lyra Apostolica*.

Ye cannot halve the Gospel of God's grace;
Men of presumptuous heart! I know you well.
Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell
Each in his tranquil home and holy place;
Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
And tames the stirrings of the multitude.

And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
As heralded amid the joyous choirs;
Ye mark'd it spoke of peace, chastised desires;
Good-will and mercy,—and ye heard no more;
But, as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye pass'd them by.

And so ye halve the Truth; for ye in heart,
At best, are doubters whether it be true,
The theme discarding, as unmeet for you,
Statesmen or Sages. O new-compassed art
Of the ancient Foe!—but what, if it extends
O'er our own camp, and rules amid our friends?

Similar thoughts had taken deep root in the minds of Arthur Perceval, Hurrell Froude, and William Palmer, three young men of high character and promise, who, in the month of July, consulted with the Rev. Hugh James Rose, editor of the *British Magazine*, and subsequently

Professor of Theology at Durham, Principal at King's College, London, and chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Rose may in some sense be regarded as the real founder of the movement. A conference was held at Hadleigh, at which it was resolved to unite the efforts of High Churchmen to maintain the doctrine of Apostolic Succession, and preserve the Prayer Book from Socinian adulterations. Newman, who was travelling on the Continent while the first ideas of the party were shaping themselves to the aim of some definite action, shared the views of his Oxford friends. Hurrell Froude later on influenced his mind in the direction of views which were not in harmony with the Evangelical theory of the Church of England. "He made me," says Newman, "to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and in the same degree to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence." Froude was a young man of singular gifts and a powerful mind. Newman has given a Rembrandt portrait of him in the *Apologia*. "Hurrell Froude," he says, "was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. He was a man of the highest gifts, so truly many-sided that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient, winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sakes, or because I love and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. In this respect, then, I speak of Hurrell Froude—in his intellectual aspects—as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and too strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other in their effort after distinct shape and impression; and he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying prematurely, as he

did, and in the conflict and transition-state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. . . . . He had a keen insight into abstract truth; but he was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art; and he was fond of historical inquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He had no appreciation of the writings of the Fathers, of the details or development of doctrine, of the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, of the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or of the controversies out of which they arose. He took an eager, courageous view of things on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts; he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be Anti-Christian." Hurrell Froude's influence upon Newman was of a powerful kind. The views which he led him to adopt, and the additions which he was the means of contributing to his theological creed, were not, however, the immediate outcome of their friendship; nor were feelings so strong the ostensible cause of the Tractarian movement. When Newman compared the Church of his day with the vigorous power she had displayed in the first centuries, he felt, he tells us, dismay at her prospects, anger and scorn at her do-nothing perplexity. The vital principle which actuated the plan for united effort was that there was "need of a second Reformation." There was a "National Apostacy" which *must* be counteracted.

In 1832, having finished the *History of the Arians*, Newman accompanied Hurrell Froude, who was fast developing symptoms of consumption, to Italy. In Rome he made the acquaintance of Dr. Wiseman, with whom and with Mr. Bunsen he had some interesting conversations. They only attended one service while away—that of the Tenebræ at the Sistine Chapel. Having touched at most of the Mediterranean ports, and seen a good deal of the people of

many cities, Newman left his companions and paid a visit, alone, to Sicily. Here he was seized with a dangerous fever, and lay for several weeks in imminent peril, but carefully tended by priests and nurses. The following extracts from a letter written in 1832 to Mr. Mozley, his brother-in-law, give a glimpse of his mind, and the current of his religious views :—

"It has been very unfortunate that you were obliged to give up your engagement with Round, but all is for the best. I am truly rejoiced to find your desire for parochial employment has not diminished, and your opinion of your own health not such as to deter you. For myself, since I heard your symptoms I have not been alarmed, but some persons have been very anxious about you. I trust you are to be preserved for many good services in the best of causes. I am sure you have that in you which will come to good if you cherish and improve it. You may think I am saying a strange thing, perhaps an impertinent and misplaced, and perhaps founded on a misconception, yet let me say it, and blame me if it be harsh—viz., that, had it pleased God to have visited you with an illness as serious as the Colchester people thought it, it would almost have seemed a rebuke for past waste of time. I believe that God often cuts off those He loves, and who really are His, as a judgment, not interfering with their ultimate safety, but as passing them by as if unworthy of being made instruments of His purposes. It is an idea which was strong upon the mind of my brother during his illness of the last year, while he did not doubt that his future interests were essentially secure. I doubt not at all that you have all along your illness had thoughts about it far better that I can suggest; and I reflect with thankfulness that the very cause of it was an endeavour on your part to be actively employed, to the notion of which you still cling; yet I cannot but sorrowfully confess to myself (how much so ever I wish to hide the fact from my own mind) that you have lost much time in the last four or five years. I say I wish to hide it from myself, because, in simple truth, in it I perceive a humiliation to myself. I have expected a good deal from you, and have said I expected it. Hitherto I have been disappointed, and it is a mortification to me. I do expect it still, but in the meanwhile time is lost, as well as hope delayed. Now you must not think it unkind in me noticing this now, of all times of the year. I notice it, not as if you needed the remark most now, rather less, but because you have more time to think about it now. It is one especial use of times of illness to reflect about ourselves. Should you, however, really acquit yourself in your own mind, thinking that the course you have pursued of letting your mind take its own way was the best for yourself, I am quite satisfied and will believe you, yet shall not blame myself for leading you to the question, since no one can be too suspicious about himself. Doubtless you have a charge on you for which you must give account. You have various gifts, and you have good principles—for the credit of those principles, for the sake of the Church, and for the sake of your friends, who expect it of you, see that they bring forth fruit."

On returning to England in July, full of fierce thoughts against the Liberals, whose success fretted him, he came as one impressed with the idea that he had a mission. This feeling, indeed, had haunted him abroad. When he lay ill of the fever in Sicily, he firmly believed that he should be spared for the work in England. "I have a work to do, —I have a work to do," he sobbed out in the weak moments of his convalescence. It was on his homeward journey when becalmed within sight of Caprera, Garibaldi's home, that he wrote the well-known and beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly Light." The journey indeed had been fruitful in poetic inspiration. Newman, from the time he left Falmouth—December 13th, 1832,—to June 27th, 1833, when he was at Marseilles, on his way home, wrote in all seventy-nine poems, of which forty-three are stated to have been written "at sea," or "off" various places near which the vessel was lying. On six days he wrote two poems each day, and on five days he wrote three each day. From the 1st to the 13th of June, ten poems are all dated from Palermo, and next in order comes "Lead, kindly Light, "which was written "at sea" on the 16th, under the title of "The Pillar of the Cloud." Respecting this hymn some controversy has arisen of late years as to the meaning of the last two lines :—

> "And with the morn those angel faces smile
> Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

Dr. Newman on being himself applied to a few years ago to explain what was meant by these "angel faces," made the following reply :—

"The Oratory, January 18, 1879.

"My dear Mr. Greenhill,

"You flatter me by your question, but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression

not of truth, but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when home-sick or sea-sick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

"Yours most truly,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

This letter drew forth a number of replies in the pages of *Notes and Queries*, the chief points in discussion being the possible meanings which Dr. Newman may have intended at the time of writing, and his dictum that poetry is not expressive of truth. These literary curiosities must not, however, detain us by the way. When he reached home Newman threw himself at once and with ardour into the project to which Rose, and Hurrell Froude, and the others now stood committed. Keble, too, the author of the *Christian Year*, was of the party. Dr. Newman, indeed, assigns to him the most notable place in connection with the Tractarian movement "In and from Keble," he says, "the mental activity of Oxford took the direction which issued in what was called Tractarianism,"—that is, an anti-Liberal direction. Keble had few sympathies with the intellectual party. "Poor Keble!" Hurrell Froude used gravely to say, "he was asked to join the aristocracy of talent, but he soon found his level." Yet he was to some extent instrumental in forming a school which had an instinctive hatred of "heresy, insubordination, resistance to things established, claims of independence, disloyalty, innovation, a critical, censorious spirit." This was probably due to the intensity of his prejudice,—one might, indeed, almost say of his narrowness. He was so bitterly opposed to anything in the shape of Liberal opinions in theology, that one day, calling at a house where one of the family had imbibed those opinions, and learning that the offender was at home, he refused to enter, and remained sitting in the porch. He lent to the movement a savour of cautious orthodoxy which contributed to its toleration by men who did not altogether relish the religious antecedents of Dr. Pusey and Mr. Newman; and his *Christian Year*, though it is not, in the opinion of some critics, of a specially high order of poetry, had done much to prepare the public mind for the doctrines which were afterwards to be advocated by the Tractarians.

Dr. Newman says of this volume, in one of his Essays, that "it was the most soothing, tranquillising, subduing work of the day; if poems can be found to enliven in dejection, and to comfort in anxiety, to cool the over-sanguine, to refresh the weary, and to awe the worldly; to instil resignation into the impatient, and calmness into the fearful and agitated—they are these."

On July 14th, Mr. Keble preached the Assize Sermon in the University pulpit. The subject was "National Apostacy," and Newman always set apart that day as the start of the religious movement of 1833. But Newman, by the force of his great gifts of scholarship, his commanding intellect, and his signal courage, rose naturally into his place as the intellectual leader of the party. Isaac Williams and Dr. Pusey were also identified with the movement, but, like Keble and Froude, they fell into secondary rank. "Compared with Newman they all were but as ciphers, and he the indicating number." It is important to bear this in mind in estimating the extent and scope of Mr. Newman's influence. Mr. J. A. Froude, Hurrell Froude's younger brother, says, "The triumvirs who became a national force, and gave its real character to the Oxford movement, were Keble, Pusey, and John Henry Newman. Newman himself was the moving power; the two others were powers also, but of inferior mental strength. Without the third, they would have been known as men of genius and learning; but their personal influence would have been limited, to and have ended with themselves." So decisive were his pretensions to the leadership of the party that Bishop Blomfield made the characteristic jest that "the whole movement was nothing but a Newmania." It was considered desirable that the public should be influenced by a literature specially directed to the questions of Church reform which were now being agitated. The *Tracts for the Times* were thereupon started. At first they were, as the name implied, short papers; later on they grew into elaborate treatises. It was a cardinal point in the creed of the Tractarians that the weakness of the Church was due to a want of belief in her divine mission. They wanted to show that she was not a mere act-of-parliament Church. In the very first tract, which Newman wrote himself, the question is put plainly,

"On what are we to rest our authority when the State deserts us?" and the answer is given as plainly, "On our Apostolical descent." The authors of the tracts wanted, in fact, to show that the Church was a body distinct from the State, and capable of existing without its patronage and support. This was, as an impartial writer has well said, a dream of noble and generous minds. "They hoped to see the Church under the divinely-ordained government of bishops, priests, and deacons, not merely preaching the gospel and administering sacraments, but taking a high and independent stand, and exercising a profound influence on the religion and morality of the nation." The chief writers of the tracts besides Newman were Hurrell Froude, Pusey, and Isaac Williams. But almost from the first there were differences of opinion, and a want of unity. Palmer wanted the movement to be directed by a Committee or Association, and the Tracts, which Newman had begun "out of his own head," were looked upon by Palmer and his friends with alarm, inasmuch as they represented the antagonistic principle of personality. Keble and Froude, on the other hand, wanted the Tracts to go on. Gradually the aims of the more active spirits grew larger. They began to talk of the *Via Media*. There was a middle path, they thought, between the Protestant Church, as generally understood, and the Church of Rome. Newman was occupied for three years on a statement in support of this idea. He wrote it to show that he was opposed to Rome. When people said that what he and Froude were saying was "sheer Popery," he replied, "True, we seem to be making straight for it; but go on awhile, and you will come to a deep chasm across the path which makes real approximation impossible." The idea of an Anglican Church based on the principles of dogma,—a visible Church with sacraments and rites, "which are the channels of invisible grace,"—and holding to Authority and the worth of works of penance, was conceived to be possible without drifting too far in the direction of Popery. The new school discarded the Lutheran dictum that justification by faith only was the cardinal doctrine of Christianity, and Newman wrote an Essay in support of their view.

The conflict between the High Church party and the Broad Church party was accentuated in 1836 by the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, on the nomination of Lord Melbourne. Four years previously Hampden had enunciated, in the Bampton Lectures, a theology which, although there was nothing particularly unorthodox in it, challenged the antagonism of Newman and his friends. His appointment was therefore made the ground of a sharp attack. Newman's searching critical power was brought to bear in a pamphlet entitled *Elucidations of the Bampton Lectures*, and the growing discontent, fanned somewhat by political passions, resulted in Convocation passing a vote of censure upon Dr. Hampden. Some twelve years later, when he was appointed to the Bishopric of Hereford, the controversy broke out with renewed bitterness, but Dr. Newman was then an uninterested spectator no longer connected with the Church of England; and Hampden himself rapidly subsided into theological insignificance, from which he never afterwards emerged.

The Tractarian movement, which it would take too much space to describe in detail, went on until it "came into collision with the nation." Alarm was fairly excited by the appearance of Tract LXXX. There had been a grave feeling of uneasiness before, but this particular treatise, which advocated "reserve" in communicating religious knowledge, provoked a serious outcry. The author of this, Mr. Isaac Williams, contended that the highest mysteries of religion should not be thrown down before the careless and indifferent. Probably he had no expectation of the interpretation that would be put upon his words. The term "reserve" was, indeed, a peculiarly unfortunate one. People jumped to the conclusion that the object of it was to keep back the most unpopular doctrines of Romanism till the public mind was prepared for them. A storm of disapprobation was aroused. It was thought that the Tractarians were bent on "Romanising" the Church, and that they meant to conceal the various stages of their insidious attempt. The conflict, however, did not come to a crisis just then. Ten more of the Tracts were issued before the voice of authority was raised against them, although Newman's on the "Breviary" had drawn down the remonstrances of Dr. Bagot, the Bishop of Oxford

The fame of "Tract XC" has become historical. Its appearance was the acute crisis of the whole movement. The object with which it was written was the retention in the English Communion of members of the Church who were inclined to Rome. It aimed at showing that a clergyman could subscribe to the formularies and Articles of the Established Church, and yet hold almost all the Roman doctrines against which those articles had hitherto been thought to be a protest. It maintained that the Thirty-nine Articles, although the offspring of an uncatholic age, are, to say the least, not uncatholic, and may be subscribed by those who aim at being Catholic in heart and doctrine. Newman was the author of this startling treatise, which acted as the proverbial straw on the endurance of the Protestant party. He argued his case with great skill. He showed that the Articles were composed several years before the canons of the Council of Trent were published, and therefore could not have been intended to contradict them; that they were not directed against Catholic doctrines, but against the popular abuses of them; and that they were legal documents to be interpreted according to the strict meaning of the words. He reached the conclusion that the Articles did not condemn the authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome on Purgatory, on the Invocation of Saints, and on the Mass. Newman has given us a frank statement of the intellectual processes which led him to this result. He referred to the Homilies, and endeavoured to show that their incorporation in the Anglican system of doctrine could not have been made by men governed by the existing clearly-marked lines between Rome and Protestantism. It is, as Mr. Froude says, historically certain that Elizabeth and her ministers intentionally framed the church formulas so as to enable everyone to use them who would disclaim allegiance to the Pope. "Newman was only claiming a position for himself and his friends which had been purposely left open when the constitution of the Anglican Church was formed." The actual cause of the treatise, Newman tells us, was the restlessness of those who neither liked the *Via Media* nor his own strong judgment against Rome. "It was thrown in our teeth, 'How can you manage to sign the Articles?

They are directly against Rome.'" His attempt to show how the two seemingly contradictory principles could be reconciled was received with a storm of indignation. He was "unprepared for the outbreak, and startled by its violence." Canon Oakeley says that Tract XC had not been out many days before Oxford was in a fever of excitement. "It was bought with such avidity that the very presses were taxed almost beyond their powers to meet the exigencies of the demand. Edition followed edition by days rather than by weeks; and it was not very long before Mr. Newman, as I have heard, realised money enough by the sale of this shilling pamphlet to purchase a valuable library. If, during the month which followed its appearance, you had happened to enter any common room in Oxford between the hours of six and nine in the evening, you would have been safe to hear some ten or twenty voices eloquent on the subject of Tract XC. If you had happened to pass two heads of houses, or tutors of Colleges, strolling down High Street in the afternoon, or returning from their walk over Magdalen Bridge, a thousand to one but you would have caught the words 'Newman' and 'Tract XC.'" Newman, although unprepared for the reception his pamphlet received, says that he felt no fear, but, in one point of view, a sense of relief. He saw plainly that confidence was at an end, and that his place in the movement was gone. In fact, he was regarded as a traitor, as one who would betray the citadel he was sworn to defend. He was urged to withdraw the Tract, but refused. An "understanding" was entered into that it should not be condemned, on condition that he did not defend it, that he stopped the series, and that he himself published his own condemnation in a letter to the Bishop of Oxford. "I agreed," says Newman; "no written pledge was given. 'It was an understanding.' I have hated them ever since." The cry was up, and the opponents of the movement were determined to strike. Four of the leading tutors—Mr. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of them, and Mr. H. B. Wilson, subsequently a contributor to *Essays and Reviews*, was another—wrote a letter stating that the Tract had a tendency to mitigate the differences between Roman and Anglican doctrine. The Hebdomadal Council, consisting of Heads of Houses and

other influential officers of the University, met to consider the complaint of the four tutors. Newman had explained in a letter to Dr. Jelf, and had a fuller explanation in the press, stating that he considered that "the Thirty-nine Articles *do* contain a condemnation of the authoritative teaching of the Church of Rome upon the very subjects upon which the four tutors had alleged that he suggested that they do *not*." In this letter he unconsciously sounded a note of alarm by stating that he had been urged to write the Tract by persons he revered, "to keep members of our own Church from straggling in the direction of Rome." This was an indication of the real danger that underlay the Tractarian movement. Still the measure of alarm was no warrant for the impetuosity of action which followed. The Hebdomadal Board were asked for a respite of twelve hours, but refused to grant it, although they knew that by condemning Newman they were condemning Keble, if not Pusey as well, to both of whom the offending volume had been submitted, and by the former of whom its publication was sanctioned. It was resolved that "the modes of interpretation such as are suggested in the same Tract, evading rather than explaining the sense of the Thirty-nine Articles, and reconciling subscription to them with the adoption of errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object, and are inconsistent with the due observations of the above-mentioned statutes"—meaning the statutes which require every student to be instructed in, and subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles.

Hitherto, the authorship of the Tract had been only suspected, not avowed. Now, however, Newman—determined that those who had condemned it should gain nothing by pleading vagueness of application—came forward and acknowledged formally what everyone had already taken for granted. He made this acknowledgment in a letter of touching humility, addressed to the Vice-Chancellor. It ran as follows :—

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor,

"I write this respectfully to inform you that I am the author, and have the sole responsibility of the Tract on which the Hebdomadal Board has just now expressed an opinion, and that I have not given my name hitherto, under the belief that it was desired that I should not. I hope it will not surprise you if I say that my opinion remains

unchanged of the truth and honesty of the principle maintained in the Tract, and of the necessity of putting it forth. At the same time, I am prompted by my feelings to add my deep consciousness that everything I attempt might be done in a better spirit, and in a better way; and, while I am sincerely sorry for the trouble and anxiety I have given to the members of the Board, I beg to return my thanks to them for an act which, even though founded on misapprehension, may be made as profitable to myself as it is religiously and charitably intended. I say all this with great sincerity,

"And am, Mr. Vice-Chancellor,

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN HENRY NEWMAN."

The precipitancy of the Hebdomadal Council has been much condemned. Mr. Justice Coleridge, in his *Life of Keble*, says, "The Council was substantially a Court before which their indictment" (the letter of the four tutors) "was brought for trial. We all know to what any person accused before any judge is entitled. Here, when the letter and the Tract were laid before the Council, it had both the charge and the evidence offered in support of it. It may be taken that it was not a usual course in such a case to summon the party, or even to give him any notice of what was impending, and, therefore, however strange such a practice may be, it cannot fairly be said that any special unfairness is to be complained of for the want of this. But the Council knew, and were indeed, directly informed that three individuals, among the most eminent in the University and most blameless in character, were substantially the persons to be affected by their decree; nor could the Council be ignorant how heavy was the blow which it was proposed to strike by its sentence. The barest justice, therefore required that if any one of them desired to be heard in explanation or mitigation of the charge, reasonable time should have been afforded for the purpose; the more plain the case, the stronger seemingly the evidence, the more imperative in a judicial proceeding was this duty. One can hardly believe that five days only elapsed from the commencement of the proceeding to the publication of the sentence; and twelve hours were respectfully solicited and refused; on the sixth day the defence appeared." There is too much reason to believe that the eagerness of the judges to condemn was due to their strong feeling against the movement. Impartiality was scarcely to have been looked for in such a case. Yet

the act they were determined on was one of momentous importance and far-reaching consequences. "No one can tell how much of the subsequent history of the Church of England might not have been altered had that respite of twelve hours been granted." It was contended that the Council was not an authoritative representation of the University, and therefore that its condemnation had no binding effect; as a matter of fact Newman had been condemned by no legally constituted Court, and no existing law had been broken; but any hopes that might have been built upon this view were dispelled by the strongly-expressed desire of the Bishop of the Diocese that the Tracts should be discontinued. The voice of authority could not be disputed by those who were themselves the great champions of authority. In a letter to the Bishop of Oxford, Newman touchingly resigned his place in the movement: "I have nothing to be sorry for," he said, "except having made your Lordship anxious, and others whom I am bound to revere. I have nothing to be sorry for, but everything to rejoice in and be thankful for. I have never taken pleasure in seeming to be able to move a party, and whatever influence I have had has been found, not sought after. I have acted because others did not act, and have sacrificed a quiet which I prized. May God be with me in time to come, as He has been hitherto; and He will be, if I can but keep my hand clean and my heart pure. I think I can bear, or at least will try to bear, any personal humiliation, so that I am preserved from betraying sacred interests, which the Lord of grace and power has given into my charge."

Three or four years later a proposal was made in the Academical Convocation to formally condemn Tract XC, but it was stopped by the veto of the two Proctors. At the time of its publication, pamphlets were written on both sides, and the strife raged with exceeding bitterness. Most people condemned the Tract as evasive, and charged its author with intellectual dishonesty. The Tractarians, as Newman himself admits, had at length come into collision with the nation. Whatever the historical argument in their favour, the principles of the Protestant Reformation had been rudely assailed. The feeling of hostility to them was all the greater because the growth of the *Via Media* was

occasioning considerable alarm. Its advocates preached to crowded churches. A Bishop in his charge said, "It is daily assuming a more serious and alarming aspect. Under the specious pretence of deference to antiquity and respect for primitive models, the foundations of the Protestant Church are undermined by men who dwell within her walls, and those who sit in the Reformer's seat are traducing the Reformation."

The next chapter will show the consequences to which the movement led; but it may be noted here that during all this critical time Mr. Newman's literary activity was considerable. From 1838 to 1843 he was editor of the *British Critic*, a periodical which had a considerable influence in shaping the movement of which he was the head. He contributed several articles to its pages, and gathered round him a staff of able writers. These articles, we are told by one of his contemporaries, were looked out for with anxiety, recognised with ease, and read with eagerness. "I believe I am correct," says Canon Oakeley, "in saying that it was Mr. Newman's articles in the *Critic* which led to his being invited by the proprietors of the *Times* to come out in that journal with some remarks upon literary projects of the day, and that the result of these overtures may be seen in the celebrated letters of 'Catholicus.'" These letters made such an impression upon the directors of the *Times* that they were anxious to obtain Newman's services regularly on their staff. He was offered a large salary, one report says as much as £1,800 a year. "Shall I be free," asked the young man to whom this tempting offer was made, "to say what I think?" The reply may be imagined, and Newman declined the proposal. "How different," says a commentator on this circumstance, "might have been the course of recent English history if Newman had yielded to the temptation, or the *Times* had promised him the liberty 'to say what he thought'!"

This chapter cannot be better brought to a close than by a few passages of personal reminiscence from Mr. Mozley's interesting book. "Newman's well-known rooms, on the first floor near the chapel, communicated with what was no better than a large closet, overlighted with an immense bay

window over the chapel door, balancing that of the dining hall. It had usually been made a lumber room. Newman fitted it up as a prophet's chamber, and there, night after night, in the long vacation of 1835, offered up his prayers for himself and the Church . . . He and his friends had declared strongly against the new Marriage Act, which relieved Dissenters of the necessity of coming to church to be married, but did not relieve the clergy of the necessity of marrying them, if they preferred to come to church for the particular occasion. He suddenly found himself called on to perform the marriage service for one of the pretty daughters of a respectable pastrycook in St. Mary's parish. The family were Baptists, and the young lady was not baptised. Newman ascertained this by inquiry, and refused to perform the service, or to allow the marriage in his church. The university was shocked at his inhumanity on such an occasion. Not so the young lady herself. She immediately expressed her wish to be baptised, declaring she was glad of the opportunity. She was baptised and married; and became an attached member of Newman's congregation, followed in time by the whole family. On another occasion he was not so successful. Braham was advertised to take a part in the annual musical services at St. Mary's for the benefit of the Radcliffe Infirmary. Newman had his objections to Braham, and sent him a note interdicting him the church. Braham opened the note, read it, and made no sign. At the appointed time in the programme he stood up in the organ gallery, and filled the church with his magnificent voice. Newman waited for him at the foot of the organ staircase, to demand an apology for this invasion of his rights. All he got was, 'You did your duty, and I did mine,' saying which Braham brushed past him and hurried away. On one occasion Newman had to forego discipline in the interest of humanity. In Bear Lane, the poorer part of St. Mary's parish, there were houses let in tenements. The occupant of one came to Newman and complained that over her head there were a number of dogs kept by a woman who could not feed them; that they were whining day and night for food, and must soon be actually dying. Newman went to the room, and on entering it found himself surrounded by a crowd of famished dogs

begging for food. They had been kept by the undergraduates of his own college, contrary to strict rule, and these young gentlemen, upon going down for the Long Vacation, had left small sums with the dog-keeper, promising to send her more, but failing to do so. Newman advanced what was necessary for the maintenance of the dogs for the rest of the Vacation.

"One little matter of self-imposed duty, arising out of a painful occasion, will be remembered by all who ever accompanied Newman in a country walk. One morning Dornford asked him whether he was going to Littlemore that day, and whether on foot or horse-back. He had to reply that he was riding there, when Dornford proposed to accompany him. This gentleman, having served two years in the Rifle Brigade in the Peninsular War, and being proud of his military character, was in the habit of cantering on the hard road, and had generally to do it alone. But Newman was in for it. In those days the first milestone between Oxford and Iffley was in a narrow, winding part of the road, between high banks, where nothing could be seen fifty yards ahead. Dornford and Newman heard the sound of a cart, and the latter detected its accelerated pace, but the impetuous 'captain,' as he loved to be styled, heeded it not. It was the business of a cart to keep its own side. They arrived within sight of the cart just in time to see the carter jump down, and be caught instantly between the wheel and the milestone, falling dead on the spot. The shock on Dornford was such that he was seriously ill for two months, and hypochondriac for a much longer time. The result in Newman's case was a solemn vow that whenever he met a carter driving without reins, or sitting on the shaft, he would make him get down; and this he never failed to do.

"Several years after this sad affair, I was walking with him on the same road. There came rattling on two newly painted waggons, drawn by splendid teams, that evidently had been taking corn to market, and were now returning home without loads. There were several men in the waggons, but no one on foot. It occurred to me that as the waggoners were probably not quite sober, it was only a choice of evils whether they were on foot or in the waggons.

But Newman had no choice; he was bound by his vow, and he compelled the men to come down. We went on to Littlemore, were there for some time, and then turned our faces homewards. Coming in sight of the public-house at Littlemore, we saw the two show teams, and something of a throng about them; so we could not but divine evil. It was too true. The waggoners had watched us out of sight, and got into their waggons again. The horses had run away on some alarm, one of the men had jumped out, and had received fatal injuries.

"Another resolution constantly observed by Newman would have cost most people even more effort. While at Oxford he never passed a day without writing a Latin sentence—either a translation, or an original composition, before he had done his morning's work. Frequently, when on the point of leaving his room for an afternoon walk, he has asked me to stay a minute or two while he was writing his daily sentence.

"One more habit, for such it was, must be mentioned. As well for present satisfaction as for future use, Newman wrote and laid by a complete history of every serious question in which he was concerned, such as that of the college tuition. He had to render account of it, and he prepared himself accordingly. But whatever may be said in favour of such a practice, it may be considered fortunate that to most constitutions it is difficult, not to say repulsive. Few men are, or ought to be, so perfectly satisfied with their own part in a series of transactions as to wish to see a final record; and it is hardly possible to frame such a record oneself without some excess of self-justification. It must be added that Newman did the same with every book he read and every subject he inquired into. He drew up a summary or an analysis of the matter, or of his own views upon it. As bearing upon his own studies, his pupils will remember that when he set them voluntary tasks, they were not essays on abstract propositions, or moralities, but biographies, and accounts of periods, political constitutions, crises, and changes. He desired me one day to write an account of Cleomenes, the Spartan reformer; and such were the characters, if I remember rightly, that he generally chose for these exercises. Public opinion has latterly

decided very strongly in favour of historical as compared with moral essays. Public opinion may be right, but on the other hand it is to be considered that certainly a majority of young minds can write much more easily on a moral subject than on one mainly and formally historical.

"One of my brothers remembers an incident of one of Newman's visits that suggests a curious question. He left by the coach for London, but was warned he would have to change coaches at Leicester. Accordingly at Leicester he was on the look-out, and saw ready-horsed the coach that was to take him on. He naturally took the seat corresponding to that he had occupied in the coach from Derby. A Nottingham passenger made his appearance and demanded the seat for his own. He had come in it all the way from Nottingham. Newman stoutly and successfully resisted the claim. This was no longer the Nottingham coach; it was the Leicester and London coach. To that seat on that coach he had the right of first occupation. He had nothing to do with any previous arrangements that coach had been bound by. This was a new start. He had to fight hard for it, but he carried his point and left the Nottingham gentleman to think over the metaphysical question, Was this the identical coach in which he had come from Nottingham?"

CHAPTER III.

Progress of the "Via Media"—Newman's Retractation—Resigns Living of St. Mary's—Littlemore Monastery—The Ecclesiastical Miracles—A Memorable Year—Visit of Father Dominic—Formal Secession to Rome—Mr. Oakeley's Account—Sensation Caused by the Event—Other Secessions—False Rumours—Newman quits Oxford—The Intellectual Recovery of Romanism.

THE *Via Media*, as its name imports, was to be a "middle way" between the Church of England and the Church of Rome; but it proved, to a good many of those who journeyed by it, the direct path to Rome itself. Of the "perverts," as they were called, none equalled, either in intellect or influence, the subject of this sketch. His secession, although it cannot be said to have been unlooked for, caused a great shock throughout the Protestant world. It was felt that whatever might be the extent of the loss to the Reformed Church, the gain to Rome was enormous. For some time before the irrevocable step was taken there had been a growing expectation that there could be but one climax to the processes of development which were going on in Newman's mind and that the drama of which he was the central and dominant figure could have but one *dénouement*. But the stages, if we may judge from his own narrative, were not so well defined to him as they were to lookers on, nor did the end seem so certain. But from the crisis of the Tractarian movement the progress which he made Romewards was steady and unbroken. "From the end of 1841," he says, "I was on my death-bed as regards my membership with the Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees." The various causes which contributed to this great and significant departure have been set forth by himself with so much minuteness and candour that it would be superfluous to indicate them here. The great point, of course, had reference to the rival claims of the two Churches to Authority. A desire to invest the Anglican

Church with a richer ceremonial, and to introduce into her rites some,—such as prayers for the dead, and reverence for the Virgin Mary,—which had hitherto been considered Romish, if not distinctively Roman, was but a minor phase of the metamorphosis that was taking place. Newman was a long while, comparatively speaking, in making up his mind. He had ceased to be in full sympathy with the Anglican Communion some time before he sought admission to that of Rome. Nor is it possible to condemn the deliberation with which he acted, after reading his own account of the event, and of the hesitations, doubts, difficulties, and struggles which oppressed him as each new argument presented itself. The censures passed upon him at the time, for retaining his benefice in the Church of England after he had been troubled with grave misgivings about her right to be considered the true and Apostolic Church, fail very much of their effect in the light of his own frank narrative. He determined, he tells us, to be guided, not by his imagination, but by his reason; otherwise he would have been, he says, a Catholic sooner than he was. The world saw, more promptly than he did, whither he was drifting. Those who were observing him understood him better than he understood himself. It was Newman's honest belief at the time that "the deep chasm across the path," to which reference has already been made, had a natural existence; but his views progressed by "leaps and bounds," and every month made the prediction of those who could see nothing but Rome as the upshot of it all, appear more likely of fulfilment, and the chances very strong of the chasm vanishing altogether. Step by step he got nearer to the goal. Men instinctively felt what was coming when, in 1843, he made a formal retractation of all the hard things he had said against the Church of Rome, and followed it, six or seven months later, by resigning the living of St. Mary's.

The humility of the former of these steps has scarcely ever been equalled in modern times. He had some hard things to unsay. In 1833, in the *Lyra Apostolica* he had called Rome "a lost church." In his work on the Arians he had spoken of "the Papal Apostacy." In the fifteenth of the *Tracts for the Times* he said of Rome that she was "heretic," that she had "apostatised in the Council of Trent,"

and that she had "joined herself in perpetual league to the cause of Antichrist." In the twentieth Tract he wrote that the Roman Communion was "infected with heresy, and ought to be shunned like the Plague." In 1834, he spoke of "the corrupt system of the Papacy," and of the Roman Church as "invaded by an evil genius." And in the thirty-eighth Tract he applied to the doctrines of the Roman Church, the epithets "anti-scriptural, profane, impious, audacious, without authority, gross, monstrous, and cruel." Having cited these condemnations, and formally retracted them, he said, "If you ask me how an individual could have dared not only to conceive, but even to publish such opinions upon a Communion so ancient, so widely extended —a Communion which has produced so many saints—I give you in answer what I said to myself: 'I am not speaking my own words; I am but following almost a consensus of the divines of my Church. They have ever used the strongest language against Rome, even the most able and learned of them. I wish to throw myself into their system. While I say what they say, I am safe. Such views, too, are necessary for our position. Yet I have reason to fear still, that such language is to be ascribed in no small measure to an impetuous temper, a hope of approving myself to persons I respect, and a wish to repel the charge of Romanism.'"

The resignation of the living of St. Mary's, it was manifest, was the beginning of the end. We can readily imagine what a pang it must have been to Dr. Newman to cut himself adrift from associations and friendships so close and tender as those which were identified with the Protestant period of his life. The magnitude of the sacrifice he made is the strongest proof of the complete sincerity of his proceeding. In the Church of England he might reasonably have looked forward, despite the antagonism aroused by the teaching put forward in Tract XC, to the natural reward of his high character, conspicuous piety, and unrivalled talents. No position would have been too lofty for his reasonable aspirations, had he been one of those who hungered after the flesh-pots of Egypt. But by his resignation of St. Mary's he virtually gave it forth that the Anglican Church was no longer a

home or a resting-place for him. The admission must have been, in many ways, a great shock to his feelings. Very intimate relationships were severed; very tender memories were torn up by the roots. In the remarkable semi-controversial story, *Loss and Gain; or the Story of a Convert*, published some three years after his formal secession, he has set forth, with great power of pathos, the piercing anguish which a step of this kind causes where family convictions and prejudices are at work. The hero of the story, Charles Reding, cannot, of course, be accepted as a counterpart of Dr. Newman himself; but, no doubt, his own feelings entered largely into the composition of the character, and the experience of his own mind, in those moments of turmoil and uncertainty, may be supposed to have coloured the fictional portrait of the typical "pervert" who, moved by a high and conscientious conviction, cut himself adrift from ties of the dearest and most intimate kind, and wounded the friends whom he most fondly loved. Newman must have felt acutely the "loss" of the step he was about taking; not the material "loss"—he was far too spiritually-minded for anything of that kind—but the loss of old friends, and the tearing asunder of old associations. St. Mary's had been the scene of his great triumphs as a preacher. It was there that the subtle eloquence of his sermons had been lavished on rapt and eager hearers. It cannot have been with a light heart that he resigned his living, and retired to the comparative seclusion of Littlemore, where he had recently established an ascetic community on a mediæval model.

Over this community, which was in purpose an Anglican retreat, he presided for three years. Littlemore was a favourite spot with him. "For several years," says Mr. Oakeley, "he had spent in its grateful seclusion the penitential seasons of the Church, and probably had long looked to it as one day to be the scene of a still more complete retirement, and a still more ascetic mode of life. Rumour soon became busy as to the probability of his carrying some such plan into effect; and the dons, who at this time were apt to take their afternoon stroll in the direction of Littlemore, remarked, in significant phrase, that what used to be a mere cluster of cottages was

assuming, under the hands of carpenters and masons, a somewhat monastic appearance. It was not long before these suspicions were fully confirmed. Mr. Newman's visits to Littlemore became less frequent only because they were of longer duration; and somewhere, I think, about the end of the year 1842 he took up his abode, with several young men who had attached themselves to his person and his fortunes, in the building which was not long in vindicating to itself the name of Littlemore Monastery. Up to the summer of 1843, Mr. Newman continued to officiate in the church which had been erected in the forementioned village under his skilful eye. But somewhere about that period, as well as I can remember, he took his final leave of the Protestant pulpit in a sermon of singular beauty and memorable interest to all his friends, who wept audibly, as they felt only too surely convinced that the voice so familiar to them was to be hushed." Littlemore was endeared to him, as much by the struggles and perturbations of a questioning and unsettled time, as by the recollection of the calmer period which had prefaced the spiritual tempest in which he had been so troubled and tossed. Yet the associations of the village were, by and bye, to be disturbed like those of the city. The conviction had slowly forced itself upon his mind that he had been on the wrong road. His dream of a *Via Media* had long been consigned to the limbo of unrealisable ideals,—to the lumber-room of impracticable hopes. Arguments which were satisfactory to his own mind, and which never faltered in their force in his after life, conveyed to him the conviction that the Church of Rome was the only true Christian Church, that its bishops were in direct apostolical succession, that its antiquity was indisputable, and that it exercised the only legitimate authority among the competing claimants of Christendom. We are not called upon to test those arguments now. A man's adoption of a new faith is a matter for his own conscience alone. The sneer of "perversion" is at all times an unworthy one. Moreover, it is a two-edged sword that may chance to cut those who wield it as well as those at whom it is aimed. In Newman's case, at all events, there was no fair ground for the hard words with which, prior to his secession as well as after it, his change of opinions was

received. We may regret that change—we may deplore the effect of the reasoning he adopted,—but we cannot deny him all the credit due to conscientiousness and honesty. Having persuaded himself that the Church of Rome was the true one, he exhibited the courage of his convictions, and "went over." Others, whose doctrinal differences were not easily distinguishable from his own, remained within the Anglican fold. From that day to this there have been priests who have received the emoluments and eaten the bread of the Church of England, while persistently enunciating principles antagonistic to the spirit of the Reformation. Secession has, at least, the merit of straightforwardness and consistency over such a course as theirs; and if Dr. Newman's conclusions seemed ever so wrong, Protestants could not with any grace condemn him for accepting the full consequences of those conclusions.

By this time the mystical element of his nature had become firmly allied to what many people, not necessarily lacking in devoutness, would call superstition. The phase of his mind which was conspicuous in childhood—a strong belief in the magical and supernatural—had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. He enunciated views on the Ecclesiastical Miracles which shocked men of sober sense. He accepted stories so apparently impossible that harsh critics felt inclined to pronounce the vigorous intellect in its dotage. The fables of mediæval lore were received with a scarcely questioning faith. He believed in all the fanciful legends clustering round the story of St. Ambrose; he believed in the fable of the Thundering Legion; he believed in the change of water into oil by St. Narcissus, of Jerusalem, to supply the lamps on the vigil of Easter; he believed in the miracle reputed to have been wrought on the course of the river Lycus by Gregory Thaumaturgus; he believed in the discovery of the Holy Cross; he believed in the miraculous recovery of their speech by the sixty African confessors after their tongues had been cut out to the roots by order of Hunneric. He believed all this, and avowed his belief, and justified himself by means of arguments which to more sceptical men than himself looked like a tissue of

elaborate sophistries. In short, he threw himself, without any reserve, into the whole mediæval system of religion in the Latin Church. A series of *Lives of the Saints*, of which he was the editor, sanctioned shocks of a similar kind, and repeated in the gravest manner incidents that might have passed muster in a fairy tale, but were too wonderful to have found a place in what purported to be a sober record of fact. Yet no one can question that Newman believed most implicitly in all these things himself. The structure of his mind not only enabled, but encouraged him to do so. Even while we may feel convinced that he is being misled by his own subtlety, it is impossible for us not to admire his transparent sincerity.

All this was leading on to Rome. It was in 1845, two years after his resignation of St. Mary's, that he took the last and most important step. This was in many ways an eventful year in the history of the Church. In February, Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church* had been condemned in the Oxford Convocation and the author had been deprived of his degrees, notwithstanding the support of some influential men, amongst whom was Mr. Gladstone. In April, the country was greatly excited about Sir Robert Peel's proposal to grant £30,000 a year to Maynooth College. In June, Sir Jenner Fust condemned Mr. Oakeley for claiming to hold the same tenets as Mr. Ward. Then, in October, came Newman's secession. Previous to it he had been hard at his *Essay on Doctrinal Development*. "As I advanced," he says, "my view so cleared that instead of speaking any more of 'the Roman Catholics,' I boldly called them Catholics. Before I got to the end I resolved to be received, and the book remains in the state in which it was then, unfinished." The object of this work was to show that the obstacles which he had formerly written of as existing to communion with the Church of Rome had, in his developed judgment, no real foundation. The letter in which he announced to his more particular friends the resolution at which he had arrived, deserves a place in this record:—

"Littlemore, October 8, 1845.

"I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has

had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's Day last year. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ. . . . I have so many letters to write, that this must do for all who choose to ask about me. . . . P.S.—This will not go till all is over. Of course, it requires no answer."

Father Dominic was summoned in hot haste from Aston Hall to Littlemore, "to fulfil a work in God's service." He did not know what was wanted of him, but started at once and without delay, and notwithstanding the rain, which fell in torrents, arrived after a journey of five hours, dripping wet, at Littlemore. On his admission to the house, Newman flung himself humbly at his feet, saying that he would not rise until the Father had blessed him and received him "into the Church of Jesus Christ." "The Father," says Don James Margotti, the editor of the *Unità Cattolica*, "was at once conscious of a great miracle of grace, and, moved to tears, he received the neophyte with the most loving welcome; and, having spent all the night with him in prayer, on the morrow (October 10th) he accepted his abjuration, and reconciled him with the mother Church, baptising him under solemn conditions, and comforting him with the Holy Eucharist."

The historical character of this memorable event must be pleaded as an excuse for once more quoting from the pages of Mr. Oakeley. "It was a memorable day, that 9th of October, 1845. The rain came down in torrents, bringing with it the first heavy instalment of autumn's sere and yellow leaves. The wind, like a spent giant, howled forth the expiring notes of its equinoctial fury. The superstitious might have said that the very elements were on the side of Anglicanism—so copiously did they weep, so piteously bemoan, the approaching departure of its great representative. The bell, which swung visibly in the turret of the little Gothic church at Littlemore, gave that day the usual notice of morning and afternoon prayers; but it came to the ear in that buoyant, bouncing tone which is usual in a high wind, and sounded like a knell rather than a summons. The monastery was more than usually sombre and still. Egress and ingress there were none that day; for it had been given out, among friends accustomed to visit there, that Mr. Newman 'wished to remain quiet.'

One of these friends, who resided in the neighbourhood, had been used to attend the evening 'office' in the oratory of the house, but he was forbidden to come 'for two or three days, for reasons which would be explained later.' The 9th of the month passed off without producing any satisfaction to the curiosity. All that transpired was that a remarkable-looking man, evidently a foreigner, and shabbily dressed in black, had asked his way to Mr. Newman's on the day but one before; and the rumour was that he was a Catholic priest. In the course of a day or two the friend before mentioned was re-admitted to the evening office, and found that a change had come over it. The Latin was pronounced for the first time in the Roman way, and the antiphons of Our Lady, which up to that day had always been omitted, came out in their proper place. The friend in question would have asked the reason of these changes, but it was forbidden to speak to any of the community after night-prayers. Very soon the mystery was cleared up by Mr. Newman and his companions appearing at mass in the public chapel at Oxford."

It would be difficult, perhaps, to exaggerate the sensation which this step made in the religious world, and even beyond its borders. In some quarters it was received with anger, and "that traitor Newman" was held up to much vehemence of abuse. He has himself described somewhere the penalties which are visited on "the Papal pervert," and in his own experience he underwent them to the letter. Men did not then thoroughly understand him. They fancied there was something moving behind the scenes,—that there were under-currents of motive below the ostensible reasons assigned. Many years elapsed before Dr. Newman's own countrymen were convinced of the mistake they had made. For a time the air was filled with the echoes of their railing. It is questionable, however, if even those who were loudest in their condemnation fully appreciated the magnitude of the conquest which Rome had made. We of a later generation have been able to recognise the full importance of her gain, and its significant bearing on the current religious movements of the second half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, writing many years after, remarked: "In my opinion his (Dr. Newman's) secession

from the Church of England has never yet been estimated among us at anything like the full amount of its calamitous importance. It has been said that the world does not know its greatest men; neither, I will add, is it aware of the power and weight carried by the words and the acts of those among its greatest men whom it does know. The ecclesiastical historian will perhaps hereafter judge that this secession was a much greater event even than the partial secession of John Wesley, the only case of personal loss suffered by the Church of England since the Reformation, which can be at all compared with it in magnitude. I do not refer to its effect upon the mere balance of schools or parties in the Church; that is an inferior question. I refer to its effect upon the state of positive belief, and the attitude and capacities of the religious mind of England."

There can be very little question that Dr. Newman's secession had a considerable tendency to unsettle men's beliefs. So commanding an intellect, it was argued, would never have rendered allegiance to Rome except on the strength of historical facts which were at least deserving of respectful consideration. Many who had not hitherto questioned the validity of the Protestant position experienced, for the first time in their lives, a vague and painful uncertainty. Here, they said, was a man of profound erudition and earnest piety, who had thrown up everything, under the overwhelming conviction that the Church of England was historically a delusion, and the Reformation a great wrong. Such an act was sufficient to cause a widespread disorganisation. Those, perhaps, who had the gravest right of protest were the members of that school which the Tractarian party had been at such pains to form within the Church. They had been led forth and left to their own devices. Many of them shrank from the conclusions of their quondam leader, but their position was none the more enviable on that account. He who had once declared Rome to be Antichrist had now thrown in his lot with Rome. A band of sympathisers followed, or immediately preceded him—Hope Scott, Frederick Faber, Ward of the *Ideal*, the two Wilberforces, and a few others. They were faithful friends, and zealous men enough, and some of them were characterised

by ability, but they were not persons of any great mark. Newman himself loomed so large upon the popular imagination that there was no room on the disc for mere secondary personages. Those who expected a great movement of secession, like that of the Free Kirk, were mistaken. Still, the number who followed the great Tractarian was sufficiently large to produce a profound sensation. Never had so large a body of the English clergy seceded since the Reformation. The Protestants under Edward the Sixth, imitating the tactics of the Vicar of Bray, became Catholics under Mary, and Protestants again under Elizabeth. Under Laud, too, a movement was progressing in the direction of Popery, which was only prevented from attaining its full development by the greater urgency and importance of his political schemes. But as a genuine change of faith, unaffected by personal interests, there had been nothing like the Tractarian secession since the Church had become Protestant. Lord Beaconsfield testifies that the Anglican Church reeled under the shock of Dr. Newman's withdrawal, and the heart of the nation was just as profoundly moved. The occasion led to much bitter misrepresentation. The group of "perverts" were subjected to all the rash and reckless spirit of slander which prevailed at the time. Dr. Newman himself was the chief mark of this malicious misrepresentation. It was rumoured that he was mad; it was rumoured that he had quarrelled with the authorities at Rome and had been suspended; it was even rumoured that he had given up Christianity altogether, and had fallen back upon some scheme of natural religion foreign alike to his training and his instincts. It is needless to say that all these rumours were false. The change of opinion which so greatly excited his adversaries, at any rate brought peace to him. He has himself told us that his admission into the Communion of Rome was like getting into harbour after being tossed about on a stormy sea. Under such circumstances the persistent and bitter attacks of the religious papers must have been deprived of the worst effects of their sting, and the rash prophecies of the critics must have been lightened of their annoyance by the humour of their absurdity. A great deal was written and said about his "perversion." Sermons were preached

about him, pamphlets were written, lectures were delivered. he was fulminated against in good round terms by every sound Protestant. Even the wits found material for their fancy in the course he had taken. By and bye, opinion cooled down. People gave up trying to understand what was evidently beyond their intellectual depth. Lord John Russell summarised the popular judgment when he ventured upon the astute observation that Dr. Newman's secession was "an inexplicable event." It was not for some years that a light was thrown upon the incident, which gave it a rational and intelligible character. That light, as will be presently shown, was thrown by Dr. Newman himself.

In a letter to his friend Allies, dated 1849, Newman gives the following explanation of his change of faith. "Persons like yourself should recollect that *the* reason *why* I left the Anglican Church was that I thought salvation not to be found in it. This feeling could not stop there. If it led me to leave Anglicanism, it necessarily led me, and leads me, to wish others to leave it. The position of those who leave it in the only way in which I think it justifiable to leave it, is necessarily one of *hostility* to it. To leave it merely as a branch of the Catholic Church for another which I liked better, would have been to desert without reason the post where Providence put me."

It remains but to say in connection with this part of the narrative that Dr. Newman quitted Oxford finally on February 23rd, 1846. He had in the meantime received the official congratulations of Dr. Wiseman, and in reply thereto had expressed a wish to minister "in a humble way" in the Catholic Church. His leave-taking with the University was full of a pathos which only those can appreciate who have voluntarily and from a high sense of duty severed themselves from old and dear associations. "Trinity," he says, speaking of his first College, "had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University." During the next three and thirty years, Dr. Newman never saw Oxford "excepting its spires, as they are seen from the railway."

The effects of this memorable change of creed can scarcely be properly estimated, even now. There was not, as has been already said, a great secession at the time, but the effects of it are not spent even yet. Dr. Newman set the tide rolling in the direction of Romanism. He approved it with the seal of his genius, and many a weaker man, putting trust in his superior gifts, has made Newman's withdrawal the apology for his own. Mr. J. A. Froude sums up the consequences of his conduct in the following passage :— "To him, if to any one man, the world owes the intellectual recovery of Romanism. Fifty years ago it was in England a dying creed, lingering in retirement in the halls and chapels of a few half-forgotten families. A shy Oxford student has come out on its behalf into the field of controversy, armed with the keenest weapons of modern learning and philosophy; and wins illustrious converts, and has kindled hopes that England herself, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, will kneel for absolution again before the Father of Christendom. Mr. Buckle questioned whether any great work has ever been done in this world by an individual man. Newman, by the solitary force of his own mind, has produced this extraordinary change. What he has done we all see; what will come of it our children will see. Of the magnitude of the phenomenon itself no reasonable person can doubt. Two writers have affected powerfully the present generation of Englishmen. Newman is one, Thomas Carlyle is the other. But Carlyle has been at issue with all the tendencies of his age. Like a John the Baptist, he has stood alone, preaching repentance in a world which is to him a wilderness; Newman has been the voice of the intellectual reaction of Europe, which was alarmed by an era of revolutions, and is looking for safety in the forsaken beliefs of the ages which it has been tempted to despise."

CHAPTER IV.

Oscott—"Herr Newman's Pilgrimage"—Visits Rome—Foundation of the Birmingham Oratory—St. Philip Neri—Newman's Admiration of the Saint—The Alcester Street Mission—The Cholera Epidemic at Bilston—Removal of the Oratory to Edgbaston—The Irish Catholic University.

"DR. WISEMAN, in whose vicariate Oxford lay, called me to Oscott; and I went there with others; afterwards he sent me to Rome, and finally placed me in Birmingham." Thus Dr. Newman himself briefly chronicles his early movements in his new sphere. On the feast of All Saints, November 1st, he received, together with Mr. Oakeley and his Littlemore companions, the gift of "the Holy Ghost in the Sacrament of Confirmation," at St. Mary's, Oscott, by the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman himself; and soon after he set forth on his continental journey. This "pilgrimage," as it was called, furnished some material for the scoffers. Dr. Newman's faith in miracles, and his ready acceptance of the supernatural, provoked ridicule in certain quarters.

He reached Rome on the 28th October, 1846, in the early months of Pius the IXth's pontificate. The next day he hastened to pray at the Confession of St. Peter, and the fervour of his supplications attracted the attention of Pio Nono, who, by a singular coincidence, advanced at the same moment. The Pontiff knew nothing of Newman; he was, however, moved by his unusual devotions. Nevertheless, for a recent convert of the stamp of Newman, such an event could not be without significance. We have it on the authority of Alfonso Capecelatro, the priest of the Oratory of Naples, that so unwilling was Dr. Newman to receive an exalted position, that on his arrival at Rome he wished to enter the College of the Propaganda as a simple student.

On his return to England he was directed to establish in Birmingham the Oratory, which has since achieved, in a large measure through the eminence of its founder, a world-

wide distinction. It was dedicated to St. Philip Neri, the founder of the congregation of the Oratory of Italy, whose pious and devoted life and "bright and beautiful character" had won Dr. Newman's love and devotion even when he was a Protestant. The golden legends of the hagiology may contain records of more heroic sacrifice and tales of more enduring suffering, but it is doubtful if they contain the story of a purer or more perfectly religious life. If it lacked the fanatical self-mortifications of a Stylites, it was full of earnest well-doing and saintly zeal. St. Philip was born in 1515, at Florence, and by his blameless conduct early gained for himself the name of "Good Philip." Intended by his father for a commercial life, he soon showed a predilection for the service of religion, and won esteem both for his great learning and his self-denying piety. He went to Rome, formed a congregation or society with the object of reclaiming the worldly, gained repute as a preacher, visited the hospitals, held theological conferences, and spent a life of singular devotion and simplicity. His last days on earth have been touchingly described by Bacci. He lived to a ripe old age, dying in 1595, at Rome, after receiving the Viaticum from the hands of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo; and was canonized by Gregory XV. in 1622. Dr. Newman entertained for the memory of this "old man of sweet aspect" a strong personal attachment, and his benign and exemplary influence are traceable throughout the Oratory. The modern institution was, indeed, an attempt to reproduce a chapter of the sixteenth century, and to realise a more or less ideal picture of corporate saintliness.

Dr. Newman, like the prototype for whose sweet and perfect life he had such reverence, was for many years simply a priest without ecclesiastical rank or titular distinction; like him, too, he was a man of deep learning and of unselfish zeal. There was, indeed, much in common between the two men, and the sentiment and spirit of St. Philip's work have been applied to modern conditions with no mean success by the eminent man whom the Roman Church was so fortunate as to capture. All his life has been affected by the subtle influence of his saintly exemplar. What in other hands would have been a

fantastic attempt to reproduce the past, became in his a revitalising of the present by aid of the example of the illustrious piety of three hundred years ago. Dr. Newman has made frequent allusion to the Saint in his writings,—especially in his poems. He has pictured him in his Mission, in himself, in his God, in his School, and in his Disciples. In one of these poems he says—

"Yet there is one I more affect
Than Jesuit, Hermit, Monk, or Friar,
'Tis an old man of sweet aspect,
I love him more, I more admire.

I know him by his head of snow,
His ready smile, his keen full eye,
His words which kindle as they flow,
Save he be rapt in ecstasy."

And, writing of "St. Philip in his Mission," he makes a beautiful reference to the spirit of the work in which he and his colleagues were engaged:—

"In the far North our lot is cast,
Where faithful hearts are few;
Still are we Philip's children dear,
And Peter's soldiers true.

Founder and Sire! to mighty Rome,
Beneath St. Peter's shade,
Early thy vow of loyal love
And ministry was paid.

* * * *

And first in the old catacombs,
In galleries long and deep,
Where martyr Popes had ruled the flock,
And slept their glorious sleep,

There didst thou pass the nights in prayer,
Until at length there came
Down on thy breast, new lit for thee,
The Pentecostal flame;—

Then, in that heart-consuming love,
Didst walk the city wide,
And lure the noble and the young
From Babel's pomp and pride:

And gathering them within thy cell,
Unveil the lustre bright,
And beauty of thy inner soul,
And gain them by the sight.

* * * *

And as the Apostle, on the hill
Facing the Imperial Town,
First gazed upon his fair domain,
Then on the cross lay down;

So thou, from out the streets of Rome
Didst turn thy failing eye
Unto that mount of martyrdom,
Take leave of it, and die."

In his *Idea of a University*, Dr. Newman has dwelt with eloquence on the character of his "own Father and Patron" "He came to the Eternal City"—to quote one passage,—"and he sat himself down there, and his home and his family grew up around him, by the spontaneous accession of materials from without. He did not so much seek his own as draw them to him. He sat in his small room, and they in their gay worldly dresses, the rich and well-born as well as the simple and the illiterate, crowded into it. In the mid-heats of summer, in the frosts of winter, still was he in that low and narrow cell at San Girolamo, reading the hearts of those who came to him, and curing their souls' maladies by the very touch of his hand. And they who came remained gazing and listening, till at length, first one and then another threw off their bravery, and took his poor cassock and girdle instead; or, if they kept it, it was to put haircloth under it, or to take on them a rule of life, while to the world they looked as before. . . . And who was he, I say, all the while, but an humble priest, a stranger in Rome, with no distinction of family or letters, no claim of station or of office, great simply in the attraction with which a Divine Power had gifted him? and yet thus humble, thus unennobled, thus empty-handed, he has achieved the glorious title of Apostle of Rome." No apology is necessary for dwelling so long on the character of St. Philip Neri, because it is only by understanding something of that character that Dr. Newman himself can be fully understood.

The first home of the Oratory, in 1848, after a short residence at Maryvale, Perry Barr, was in Alcester Street, Birmingham, and amongst its earliest inmates were Ambrose St. John, Gordon, and Henry Austin Mills. "Their long black cloaks," says a local chronicler, referring to the priests of the Oratory generally, "and the peculiar habit of the Order, were conspicuous objects in the streets until the fulmination of an edict against them by the Government in 1852, incidental to the agitation on the Papal Aggression movement." According to Dr. Ullathorne, the original plan of the Oratory did not contemplate any parochial work, but the Fathers could not see "so many souls in want of pastors" without straining all their efforts in coming to their help. "The Mission in Alcester Street," he says, in a letter of approbation to Dr. Newman, "its church and schools, were the first work of the Birmingham Oratory. After several years of close and hard work, and a considerable call upon the private resources of the Fathers who had established this congregation, it was delivered over to other hands, and the Fathers removed to the district of Edgbaston, where, up to that time, nothing Catholic had appeared."

"Father" Newman, as he had now come to be commonly called, by the general public as well as by his own people, had entered upon his new life with a humility which probably astonished some of those who knew him only as a warlike champion of whatever cause he espoused. He toiled at the mission-work as the humblest Friar would have toiled. Into the dens and stews of the great town of Birmingham he and his co-workers plunged with fearless courage and unquenchable zeal. In 1849, when the cholera was raging at Bilston, the local Catholic priest was prostrated by his incessant labours, day and night, and it became necessary to find a temporary substitute. Dr. Ullathorne, the Bishop of the diocese, had no other priest to send to take his place in the perilous and urgent work of attending the sick. On hearing of this state of things, Dr. Newman himself, with Father Ambrose and another of the priests of the Oratory, volunteered to take the place of danger, and left the duties of their comparatively quiet home in the Alcester Street Mission house, in order to submit to the discomforts of a hastily improvised accommodation at the priest's house at

Bilston. All the rest of the time during which the pestilence was raging, these devoted men were to be seen in the filthiest hovels, amidst the most sordid and sickening surroundings, exposed to the poisonous breath of infection, nobly carrying the message of mercy to the victims of the dread epidemic. Nor were they by any means singular examples of self-devotion. Wherever the cholera broke out, there the Catholic priests were at work, doing their duty fearlessly, and in accordance with the sacrificing spirit of their religion. One may dissent altogether from the principles of their faith,—one may even hold that faith to be a superstition and an error,—but one cannot refuse a warm tribute of admiration to the sublime heroism of these pious men. It is a noteworthy episode in the life of Dr. Newman, that, when there was danger to be faced, instead of deputing it to another, he bravely undertook the perilous duty himself. There are many incidents in his long life which challenge applause, but none which command it more fully than this. It was a splendid illustration of the doctrine of works,—a noble example of that spirit of self-regardlessness which is one of the characteristics of the Roman Catholic clergy all the world over.

Dr. Newman in 1850 founded the Brompton Oratory, but though it owed to him its "characteristic excellences," his direct connection with it was of the briefest kind. Its headship and government passed into other hands, and work of a larger scope and more important character awaited its founder. The Oratorians, in 1852, erected a large and commodious building in Hagley Road, Edgbaston, to which is attached a Church dedicated to "Our Blessed Lady of the Immaculate Conception." The building itself is not pretentious, or even prepossessing, in its architectural features. It has been described by a graphic writer as "an ugly red-brick building, shaped in the most modern of modern styles, in a suburb full of other ugly red-brick buildings, with a narrow strip of ground before it planted with dingy shrubs, standing back a little from the street as if overshadowed by the grandeur of the neighbouring inn." Here Dr. Newman has spent, with the exception of a few years in Dublin, the last thirty-five years of his life. Here he formed around

him that faithful and affectionate circle of priests many of whose names are held in high esteem by their co-religionists — Edward Caswall, the graceful poet, Ambrose St. John, Henry Bittleston, William P. Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder. With some of these—notably with Ambrose St. John—his intimacy was of the closest kind. These two were for many years as inseparable as the friends of classic fable, and when the long and affectionate companionship was severed by the hand of death, the grief felt by Dr. Newman was of no common kind. At the funeral of Father Ambrose, at Rednal—the burial-place of the Oratorians—his surviving friend was deeply moved. At the Edgbaston Oratory, somewhat later, Dr. Newman established a school for the education of the sons of the Catholic gentry. The present Duke of Norfolk, the head of the Catholic laity in England, was one of his later pupils, and other scions of noble houses owe their careful scholarship and admirable moral discipline to his erudition and conscientious superintendence. In addition to the Convent and the school, a numerous congregation gathered and grew in the Oratory, and schools for the poor, and other pious institutions have sprung up in connection with it. Very soon after the establishment of the Edgbaston Oratory, high authority assigned to Dr. Newman the important work of founding an Irish Catholic University in Dublin. For a period of seven years he held the office of Rector in this new scheme and guided its steps and watched over its movements with parental solicitude. The magnitude and importance of the work were well set forth by the Bishop of Birmingham: "After the Universities had been lost to the Catholics of these kingdoms for three centuries, everything had to be begun from the beginning: the idea of such an institution to be inculcated, the plan to be formed that would work, the resources to be gathered, and the staff of superiors and professors to be brought together. Your name," he says to Dr. Newman, "was then the chief point of attraction which brought these elements together. You alone know what difficulties you had to conciliate, and what to surmount, before the work reached that state of consistency and promise which enabled you to return to those responsibilities in England which you had never laid

aside or suspended." Dr. Newman has frequently alluded, in later years, to the universal kindness which he met with in the Sister Isle, a kindness which lightened his anxieties, even if it did not lessen the responsibility of his task. The task was, indeed, a great one. Despite the prestige of his name, and the zeal which he threw into the work, the University never achieved a great measure of success. In the opinion of some, it was undertaken under impossible conditions. In the opinion of others, among whom was Dr. Newman himself, a future is yet in store for it. In reply to a deputation from the University which tendered him a congratulatory address in 1879, referring to his efforts for the advancement of the University education of Irish Catholics, his lectures on the scope and nature of University education, and the great work he had accomplished as Rector in moulding their newly-formed University, he said that he still cherished a hope of the ultimate success of the scheme. His labours were not unfruitful in a literary sense. The addresses just referred to assumed a more permanent as well as a more elaborate shape in the well-known *Lectures on University Subjects.* He wrote, too, a series of papers originally published in the Dublin *Catholic University Gazette*, in 1854. They were afterwards brought together in one volume, under the title of *The Office and Work of Universities;* and in 1872 appeared in his "Historical Sketches," under the more appropriate title of *The Rise and Progress of Universities.* This work is rich in learning, full of illustration, and graphic in its narrative portion. It gives, from the author's point of view, not only a very comprehensive survey of the historical growth of Universities, but a clear and able exposition of what should be their aim, what faults have hindered their work, and what results are within reach of their attainment. The concluding passage is full of sanguine hope for the future of the Irish Catholic University, whose success was, in its Rector's opinion, presaged "by its triumph over the difficulties of its commencement."

Dr. Newman returned from Dublin to the Oratory. He was obliged to do so by the necessities of his congregation there. "Everybody can understand," he once said, "what a difficulty it is for a body to be without its head, and I

only engaged for seven years because I could not otherwise fulfil the charge which the Holy Father had put upon me in the Oratory." The Oratory has been his home ever since, and will be for the rest of his life. When, a score of years later, he received the Cardinalate, the Pope, in consideration of his great age, gave him permission to reside where he liked, knowing full well it was the old man's wish to end his days among the confraternity with whom he had long been in such close spiritual communion and personal friendship. Some of his most notable works were penned in his rooms at Edgbaston. There he worked, and studied, and wrote, and prayed with unflagging industry, and a never-wavering devotion.

CHAPTER V.

The Anti-Popery Feeling—Father Achilli's Lectures—Newman's Lectures on "The Present Position of the Catholics in this Country"—His Attack on Achilli—Criminal Proceedings for Libel—The Trial—Intensity of Religious Feeling—Evidence for the Defence—Achilli's Appearance in the Witness Box—Verdict for the Crown—A Miscarriage of Justice—Sentence of the Court—Cost of the Proceedings.

IN the year 1850, the *odium theologicum* between the Evangelical and the Roman schools reached its sharpest point of friction. The rival theologies arrayed against each other all the weapons of a bitter controversy and a seemingly irreconcilable hatred. There prevailed among the Evangelical party a great dread of the encroachments of the Holy See. These were the days of the so-called Papal Aggression. Lord John Russell wrote his famous Durham Letter, and a little later on brought in and carried that legislative *brutum fulmen*, the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, which became a dead letter almost as soon as it was passed. Every "'vert" was regarded with holy horror and pious dread. The peculiar waistcoat of the High Church clergyman became known, in the *argot* of the tailor's trade, as the M.B. waistcoat, which mysterious letters were intended to signify "the Mark of the Beast." All that savoured of, or tended to Romanism, was the object, not only of reasonable reprobation, but of violent abuse. Rome itself was even more fiercely assailed. Genuine Protestants, alarmed at the insidious growth of Popery, entered upon an active crusade against its doctrine, its methods, and its corruptions. Their enterprise was supplemented by the active assistance of certain "converted" Romanists, whose unsparing denunciations of the "abominations" of the Church from which they had seceded, helped to feed the prejudices, and intensify the bigotry, of the ultra-Protestant party. Among these was a Doctor

Giovanni Giacinto Achilli, who was formerly a friar of the Dominican order, but had fallen under the displeasure of the Papal authorities, had been imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and on regaining his liberty had made a profession of the Protestant faith. He threw himself into his new vocation with conspicuous zeal. He came to England and speedily attracted attention. An eloquent preacher, a fierce hater, and a relentless enemy of the religion whose cloth he had once worn, he attracted crowds of people wherever he went, and fanned the passions of the anti-Roman feeling to a white heat of indignation, by describing the wrongs which he said he had suffered, the despotic acts of the Inquisition, and the iniquities of the priesthood. Over the antecedents of this quondam friar there hung the shadow of grave scandals. Ugly stories concerning him found their way into print. In the *Dublin Review* for June, 1850, there appeared an article, generally attributed to Cardinal Wiseman, in which charges of the most shameless profligacy were made against Achilli, and with a particularity of detail which suggested the necessity of something more than a flat denial. He did not, however, do more at that time than give them a flat denial, attributing the "slanders" to the malice of his enemies, and asserting that the enormities alleged against him were the outcome of a diabolical conspiracy on the part of unscrupulous persecutors.

There can be no little doubt that Achilli was nearly, if not quite as bad as he was painted. In 1842 he left his convent at Viterbo and fled with his mistress to Corfu, where they lived under the protection of England. When the ill-fated brothers Bandiera organised their expedition into the Kingdom of Naples, they formed their plans in the house of Achilli, consigning to him all their valuables, whether of clothing or of jewellery. He did not wait their being shot to lay hands on their property. Two days after they had set out it was known that he had sold the greater part of it, and he even strutted about the streets dandified with the raiment of the youths who had gone to shed their blood in the cause of redeeming Italy. These things and worse were openly alleged against him, yet people flocked to hear him preach,

and attributed the scandals to the malice of his enemies, the Roman priests.

A year after the appearance of the article in the *Dublin Review*, Dr. Newman began, in Birmingham, a course of lectures on "The Present Position of the Catholics in this Country." These lectures attracted, alike through the eminence of their author and the burning interest of the subject he discussed, an unusual degree of attention. Dr. Newman wore on the platform the habit of the Oratorians. A local historian says: "The Corn Exchange was crowded; and all who heard those extraordinary utterances, however much they might differ from some of the statements made and the conclusions arrived at, will never forget the rich literary treat which they had on the occasion. The bursts of fervid eloquence, the sparkling flashes of wit, the passages of keen irony, the subtle though often deceptive logic, the deep sincerity and the earnest piety of the speaker, all combined to produce an effect upon the mind of the hearer which can never entirely pass away. Those who heard the lectures will recall the pleasure of those evenings as they read them now; but to those who did not hear them, the published volume is no more than the letter of a correspondent whom they have never seen and whose voice they have never heard, as compared with the letter of a departed friend whose very look and accent is in the words which they read." The fifth lecture was devoted to a consideration of "The Logical Inconsistency of the Protestant View." In the course of it, Dr. Newman vindicated the Church of his adoption from the aspersions of Achilli. He attacked this person with unsparing severity. It was as if he used the lightning for a whip, so terrible and scathing was the quality of his scorn. Achilli, he said, was in no sense a real convert, but having been expelled from the Roman Church for his scandalous conduct, had adopted Protestantism from the exigency of the moment. In the course of a denunciation which lost nothing of its effect from being delivered with a silvery sweetness of voice and a subdued manner, Newman used the following language:—

"And in the midst of outrages such as these, wiping its mouth, and clasping its hands, and turning up its eyes, it trudges to the

Town Hall to hear Dr. Achilli expose the Inquisition! Ah! Dr. Achilli; I might have spoken of him last week had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he *has* a scandal to reveal, he *has* an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one, as far as it goes —and it is *one*. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is, indeed, a confusion that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing upon him. 'Mothers of families,' he seems to say, 'gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any Church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am that Father Achilli who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture, for an offence which my superiors did their best to conceal; and who in 1827 had already earned the reputation of a scandalous Friar. I am that Achilli who, in the diocese of Viterbo, in February, 1831, robbed of her honour a young woman of 18; who, in September, 1833, was found guilty of a second such crime, in the case of a person 28; and who perpetrated a third in July, 1834, in the case of another aged 24. I am he who was afterwards found guilty of sins, similar or worse, in other towns of the neighbourhood. I am that son of St. Dominic who is known to have repeated the offence at Capua, in 1834 and 1835, and at Naples again in 1840, in the case of a child of 15. I am he who chose the sacristy of the church for one of these crimes, and Good Friday for another. Look on me, ye mothers of England, a confessor against Popery, for "Ye ne'er may look upon my like again." I am that veritable priest who, after all this, began to speak against, not only the Catholic faith, but the moral law, and perverted others by my teaching. I am the Cavaliere Achilli who then went to Corfu, made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband, and lived publicly and travelled about with the wife of a chorus singer. I am that Professor in the Protestant College at Malta who, with two others, was dismissed from my post for offences which the authorities could not get themselves to describe. And now, attend to me, such as I am, and you shall see what you shall see about the barbarity and profligacy of the inquisitors of Rome.' You speak truly, O Achilli, and we cannot answer you a word. You are a priest; you have been a friar; you, it is undeniable, are the scandal of Catholicism, and the palmary argument of Protestants, by your extraordinary depravity. You have been, it is true, a profligate, an unbeliever, and a hypocrite. You are reported in an official document of the Neapolitan police to be 'known for habitual incontinency;' your name came before the Civil Tribunal of Corfu for your crime and adultery. You have put the crown on your offences by, as long as you could, denying them all; you have professed to seek after truth, when you were ravening after sin. Yes, you are an incontrovertible proof that priests may fall, and friars break their vows. You are your own witness; but while you

need not go out of yourself for your argument, neither are you *able*. With you the argument begins; with you, too, it ends: the beginning and the ending you are both."

Dr. Newman concluded his discourse with the statement that Achilli was not mad, but that worse than mad were those who gave ear to him. The lectures, including this tremendous indictment, were subsequently published, and Dr. Achilli found it imperative in the face of such specific charges, to put his assailant to the proof. Criminal proceedings for libel were taken against the publishers, but, on Dr. Newman's frank and ready admission of the authorship, were at once transferred to him. The trial came on before Lord Campbell on June 21st, 1852, and lasted several days The Attorney-General was the leading counsel for the prosecution, and Sir Alexander Cockburn for the defence. The defendant pleaded "Not guilty" and justification, and set up twenty-three distinct charges in support of the allegations contained in the libel. Rarely has a case excited profounder interest or aroused stronger prejudices. Every day the Court was crowded to inconvenience. Religious feeling ran high. It was evident from the outset that the majority of those who succeeded in gaining admission were animated by a full share of Protestant zeal. At any more than ordinarily vehement thrust against Rome, the Court rang with applause. Men seemed to forget that they were in a Court of Justice, and hot, if not passionate, antipathies found frequent vent in unseemly manifestations. Popular feeling was entirely with the prosecutor. He was regarded by the majority as the victim of a malicious plot. Rome, it was argued, was annoyed at his disclosures and afraid of his influence, and had resolved upon crushing him, no matter what the means. Dr. Newman seems to have been regarded as a sort of unwitting tool in the matter. No one who knew aught of his high character, and the unsullied purity of his motives, would have suspected him for a moment of complicity in such base designs. But he was thought to have rashly taken up the weapons artfully put to his hand, and to have lent his high sanction to charges, of the truth or falsehood of which he could have had no personal knowledge. In a measure, no doubt, this was true. His evidence for the crimes of which he accused

Dr. Achilli could have been, at the best, only hearsay evidence. The sincerity of his belief in that evidence could not get rid of the fact that he had echoed and repeated charges of the origin of which he could have known nothing save by report.

It would be impossible to reproduce here the evidence given in the course of the hearing. A number of women came forward and solemnly swore to acts of the grossest immorality on the part of the prosecutor. Peasants from Italy and domestic servants in London asseverated that they had been the victims of his unbridled lust. If a tithe of what they said was true, this Achilli must have been one of the vilest men who ever proved that *cucullus non facit monachum*. Most of the witnesses were now married, and it was argued by the counsel for the defence that they were not likely to have come forward with these stories concerning their own shame unless they had been true. Evidence was also given of the judgment of the Inquisition, whereby, on the ground of such charges, the prosecutor was deprived of all ecclesiastical functions for ever, and sent to a convent for three years. But when the prosecutor was put into the box he gave every statement made by the women a point-blank denial. His evidence comprised an account of his life from the age of sixteen, when he entered the Dominican order, to his marriage at Rome in 1849, when he had ceased to be a priest of the Church of Rome. He not only denied the acts of immorality with which he was charged, but stated that it was entirely on questions of doctrine that he had been cited before the Inquisition. His appearance at the trial is thus described by a contemporary chronicler:—"He is a plain-featured, middle-sized man, about 50 years of age, and his face is strongly Italian. His forehead is low and receding, his nose prominent, the mouth and the muscles around it full of resolution and courage. He wears a black wig, the hair of which is perfectly straight, and, being close shaved, this wig gives to his appearance a certain air of the conventicle. Yet he retains many traces of the Roman Catholic priest, especially in his bearing, enunciation, and gestures, which have a sort of stealthy grace about them.

His eyes are deep-set and lustrous, and with his black hair, dark complexion, and sombre, demure aspect, leave an impression on the mind of the observer by no means agreeable, and not readily to be forgotten. The questions put to him by his own counsel he answered with great clearness, and in a calm, unwavering, quiet manner, without any trace of strong excitement, or feelings deeply roused. Sometimes a slight, contemptuous smile accompanied his denials of opposing evidence, and once or twice he even seemed to treat points merrily. Yet at certain portions of his examination, without losing his self-possession, he became more animated. His dark, sunken eyes flashed fire as he listened and replied to the questions put. This was particularly the case when he was cross-examined by Sir Alexander Cockburn on the more material points of the libel, and especially when he was confronted by the Italian women who had sworn that he debauched them. The effect produced by these meetings was quite dramatic, the poor women eyeing their alleged seducer with half-timid, yet steady glances, while he, his face overcome for the moment with a slight pallor, turned upon them looks that seemed to pierce through them."

The emphatic denials of Dr. Achilli brought the issue, as Dr. Newman's counsel pointed out, to one of deliberate perjury on one side or the other. No man could have acted as he was alleged to have acted, and have forgotten all about it. No woman could have been under a delusion with regard to what the witnesses advanced. Either he was a consummate liar, or they were consummate liars. It was for the jury to decide which was entitled to credence. Sir A. Cockburn's speech for the defence was a masterly and brilliant effort of forensic oratory. He besought the jury to dismiss from their minds everything in the shape of theological bias, and to deal with the case on its merits, and on its natural and unstrained probabilities. The jury, however, were seemingly too much carried away by their religious prepossessions to believe the irresistible evidence advanced in support of the plea of justification. Of the twenty-three justificatory charges, they only found for the defendant on one, namely, that Dr. Achilli had been

deprived of his professorship and prohibited from preaching. The others, they said, were not proved to their satisfaction. This was equivalent, of course, to a verdict for the Crown. They expressly stated that they had come to their decision apart from any reference to the question of Protestantism or Catholicism. However that may have been, the atmosphere of the whole proceedings was clouded with theological prejudice. The judge himself "thanked God" that there was no Inquisition in England, or ever likely to be one; and the applause evoked by this extra-judicial utterance passed without any rebuke.

Impartial men, accustomed to weigh evidence, felt satisfied that the verdict involved a grave miscarriage of justice. Even the *Times*, notwithstanding its Protestant leanings, spoke out strongly, and declared that the result of the trial would deal a terrible blow to the administration of justice in England, and that Roman Catholics would have good cause for the future to assert that here there is no justice for them, whenever litigation turns on a cause which arouses the Protestant passions of judges and juries.

Later on in the year the Court of Queen's Bench granted a rule for a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against evidence, but no further action was taken, and on January 29th, 1853, Dr. Newman came up for judgment. Mr. Justice Coleridge, in giving utterance to the finding of the Court, expressed its conviction that Dr. Newman honestly believed the truth of the allegations he made against Dr. Achilli, and that he did not compose and publish the libel from personal malice, but because Dr. Achilli had assailed a religion he held dear, and had done so in Birmingham, where it was extremely important his authority should not be lessened. Still, it was not to be denied that he had repeated the offensive expressions as if they were matter for exultation and merriment, and, as it would appear, with utter recklessness of their great importance and serious nature. "Firmly attached as I am, and I believe ever shall be, to the Church of England, in which I have lived, and in which I hope to die, yet there is nothing on my mind, on seeing you before me, but the deepest regret. I can hardly expect that you will take in good part many of the observations I have felt it my duty

to make. Suffer me, however, to say one or two words more. The great controversy between the Churches will go on, we know not, through God's pleasure, how long. Whether, henceforward you will take any part in it or not, it will be for you to determine; but I think the pages before me should give you this warning, upon calm consideration, that if you engage in this controversy, you should engage in it neither personally nor bitterly. The best road to unity is by increase of holiness of life. If you for the future sustain, as you may think you are bound to do, by your publications, the cause of the Church of Rome, I entreat you to do it in a spirit of charity, in a spirit of humility, in a spirit worthy of your great abilities, of your ardent piety, of your holy life, and of our common Christianity. The sentence of the Court is that you pay to Her Majesty a fine of £100, and that you be imprisoned in the first class of misdemeanants in the Queen's Prison until the fine be paid." The fine was instantly paid, and Dr. Newman left the Court. The expenses of the trial had been enormous, the defendant's bill of costs amounting to £12,000. He was not, however, called upon to pay this ruinous sum himself. Catholics in all parts of the world contributed to his defence, and showed by their material aid their profound belief in the substantial accuracy of his charges against Achilli.

CHAPTER VI.

An Important Epoch — Canon Kingsley's Accusation — Newman's Correspondence with Messrs. Macmillan and Mr. Kingsley— "The Word of a Professor of Lying that he does not Lie"— "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?"—Kingsley's View of the Controversy—The "Apologia pro Vita sua"—Sensation caused by it—Change in the Attitude of the Protestant Public — Congratulations of the Catholic Priesthood — Newman as a Poet—"The Dream of Gerontius"—Rumours and Contradiction—Ungrateful Criticisms—Address of Sympathy at Stafford —Newman's References to Misrepresentation.

WE now come to a most important epoch in Dr. Newman's life. Up to this time he had never been quite rightly understood by his Protestant fellow-countrymen. They had an undefined suspicion that he had somehow played them false. It remained for Canon Kingsley to give him the opportunity of putting on record such a defence of his conversion as satisfied his most bitter opponents of the thorough sincerity of every step he had taken. It came about in this wise. Mr. Kingsley, although a very honest and honourable clergyman, was not remarkable for controversial prudence, and now and then allowed his polemical zeal to betray him into exaggerated or incorrect statements. In a review of J. A. Froude's "History of England," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1864, speaking of the Roman Catholics and the virtue of truth, he said, in his impetuous way, "Truth, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so." There was no justification for this amazing attack. As Mr. J. A. Froude says:—"Kingsley, in truth, entirely misunderstood Newman's character. Newman's whole life had been a struggle for truth. He had

neglected his own interests; he had never thought of them at all. He had brought to bear a most powerful and subtle intellect to support the convictions of a conscience which was superstitiously sensitive. His single object had been to discover what were the real relations between man and his Maker, and to shape his own conduct by the conclusions at which he arrived. To represent such a person as careless of truth was neither generous nor even reasonable." Perhaps, too, it may be said with equal truth that Newman misunderstood Kingsley. The latter had read Dr. Newman's views about miracles and had come to the conclusion that "the methods of his reasoning confounded his perceptions of truth." But the accusation was so nakedly and inconsiderately worded that one cannot wonder at Father Newman feeling himself wounded by it. He at once wrote to the publishers, pointing out that there was no reference at the foot of the page to any words of his, much less any quotation from his writings, in support of it. He did not write to expostulate or to seek reparation. He did but wish to draw the attention of Messrs. Macmillan, as gentlemen, to a grave and gratuitous slander, with which he "felt confident they would be sorry to find their name associated." The letter was shown to Mr. Kingsley, who wrote Dr. Newman to the following effect:—"That my words were just, I believed from many passages of your writings; but the document to which I expressly referred was one of your Sermons on 'Subjects of the day,' No. XX., in the volume published in 1844, and entitled 'Wisdom and Innocence.' I am most happy to hear from you that I mistook (as I understand from your letter) your meaning; and I shall be most happy, on your showing me that I have wronged you, to retract my accusation as publicly as I have made it." Dr. Newman acknowledged the receipt of this, and said, "when I received your letter, taking upon yourself the authorship [of the obnoxious review] I was amazed." That he felt most deeply the reflection cast upon his regard for veracity is shown by a letter to a mutual friend, who had interposed with the laudable object of bringing about an amicable understanding. He demanded an explanation, and an admission that the accusation in the review was without justification. Canon Kingsley submitted

the draft of a paragraph which he proposed to insert in the next number of the Magazine. "Dr. Newman," it ran, "has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I had put upon his words. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him; and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of Truth, in this, or any other matter." The impartial reader must admit that these admissions were so worded as to induce an interpretation, in the popular mind, not altogether favourable to Dr. Newman. This he clearly saw, and withheld from the explanation the approbation he would fain have bestowed. Mr. Kingsley then offered to omit the expressions "No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman," and, "my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of Truth, in this, or any other matter." He considered that having done this he had "done as much as one English gentleman could expect from another." It was not, however, sufficient for Dr. Newman, who contended that what was left "would be understood by the general reader as implying that he had been confronted with definite extracts from his works," and had laid before the publishers his own interpretation of them. Such a proceeding he had, he said, challenged, but had not been so fortunate as to bring about. Mr. Kingsley's proposed reparation was "decidedly not" sufficient. It was, however, inserted in the Magazine without any farther material alteration, and elicited from Dr. Newman a crushing and ironical rejoinder. It is such a splendid specimen of his pitiless controversial skill and brilliancy of expression that no apology is needed for giving a lengthy extract from it :—

"Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming,—'O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.'

I interpose: 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.'

Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, Reverend Sir, in a Sermon which you preached when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that Sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.'

I make answer: 'Oh . . . *Not*, it seems, as a Priest speaking of Priests; but let us have the passage.'

Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.'

I rejoin: '*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic.'

Mr. Kingsley replies: 'I waive that point.'

I object: 'Is it possible! What? Waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly; or to own you can't.'

'Well,' says Mr. Kingsley, 'if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will.'

My *word!* I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying, that he does not *lie!*

But Mr. Kingsley reassures me: 'We are both gentlemen,' he says, 'I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.'

I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. 'Habemus confitentem reum.'

So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! 'I left baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him,' says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: 'O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.'"

Canon Kingsley was completely worsted; the weak spots in his armour had been found out, he was pierced through and through. He might have exclaimed, in the words, if not in the spirit, of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, that had he known his adversary to be so "cunning of fence" he would never have challenged him. Newman's pitiless logic left him in a sorry plight. Yet he returned, like the doughty knight that he was, to the combat. He discussed the question in a pamphlet, *What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?*—a pamphlet not to be commended for its temper, or for its taste. There was plenty of hard hitting in it, but the hitting, to use a sporting term, was somewhat wild;

there were plenty of strong epithets and condemnatory terms, and insinuations of dishonesty; and the whole of Dr. Newman's career seemed to be distinctly challenged, and his sincerity impugned. It would be profitless now to go over the arguments in detail, or to examine the caustic and effective passages of Dr. Newman's reply. That reply was one of the most memorable episodes in literature, —the *Apologia pro Vitâ suâ*. In it he laid bare his soul to the whole world, and in spite of a natural sensitiveness which must have made him shrink from the task, gave a full and complete history of his religious opinions from childhood to the period of his entry into the Roman Communion.

Before dismissing Kingsley's part in this new chapter of the "Quarrels of Authors," it is but fair to add that he was to the last of opinion that, as regards the policy of Rome, he was in the right after all. On this point, an extract, although it is decidedly partial in tone, from the Memoirs edited by his widow cannot fail to be of interest:—"This fact may be mentioned, that information conveyed to Mr. Kingsley that Dr. Newman was in bad health, depressed, and averse from polemical discussion, coupled with Dr. Newman's own words in the early part of the correspondence, in which he seemed to deprecate controversy, appealed irresistibly to Mr. Kingsley's consideration, and put him to a great disadvantage in the issue. Still throughout there were many who held with him—among them some personal friends in the Roman Catholic Church. Many private letters, too, of generous sympathy from strangers came to cheer him on—some from laymen—some from clergymen—some even from working men, who having come in contact with the teaching of Roman Catholic priests, knew the truth of Mr. Kingsley's statements. Last, but not least, a pamphlet was published by the Rev. Frederick Meyrick, entitled, *But is not Kingsley right after all?* This pamphlet was never answered. For the right understanding of this controversy, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that it was for truth and truth only that Mr. Kingsley craved and had fought. The main point at issue was not the personal integrity of Dr. Newman, but the question whether the Roman Catholic priesthood are encouraged or discouraged to pursue 'Truth for its own

sake.' While no one more fully acknowledged the genius and power of his opponent than Mr. Kingsley himself, or was more ready to confess that he had 'crossed swords with one who was too strong for him,' yet he always felt that the general position which he had taken up against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church remained unshaken. 'It was his righteous indignation,' says Dean Stanley, 'against what seemed to him the glorification of a tortuous and ambiguous policy, which betrayed him into the only personal controversy in which he was ever entangled, and in which, matched in unequal conflict with the most subtle and dexterous controversialist of modern times, it is not surprising that for the moment he was apparently worsted, whatever we may think of the ultimate issues that were raised in the struggle, and whatever may be the total results of our experiences, before and after, on the main question over which the combat was fought—on the relation of the human conscience to truth or to authority.'"

It would be impossible to exaggerate the effect of the *Apologia* upon the public mind. It came out in parts, and each new part was looked forward to with eager interest. With the third part the work became purely autobiographical. The writer unveiled his life, his opinions, the influences which had operated upon him, the changes he had undergone, with a candour that carried conviction in every quarter. He traced his childish prejudices, his Oxford beliefs, and the progress of his conversion, with minute and unreserved freedom. He threw, as it were, the lime-light upon his intellectual nature, analysed his own motives, explained his own beliefs and his reasons for holding them. As a psychological study,—as a remarkable example of searching and faithful introspection, the *Apologia* will take its place among the English classics. No more acute self-analysis had ever been unreservedly communicated to the world. A thoughtful critic says of it, "as an autobiography, in the highest sense of that word, as the portraiture that is, and record of what the man was, irrespective of those common accidents of humanity which too often load the biographer's pages, it is eminently dramatic. Hardly do the *Confessions of St. Augustine* more vividly reproduce the old African Bishop before successive generations

in all the greatness and struggles of his life than do these pages the very inner being of this remarkable man—'the living intelligence' as he describes it, 'by which I write, and argue, and act.' There is in these pages an absolute revealing of the hidden life in its acting, and its processes, which at times is almost startling, which is everywhere of the deepest interest." In some respects it would not be difficult to draw a parallel between Newman and Dante. The pages of both are imbued with scholastic theology. It has been acutely pointed out that there is in the *Apologia* something analogous (in all but the entire absence of a Beatrice) to the *Vita Nuova* and the *De Monarchia*. There is the same unveiling of the secrets of the heart, the same pursuit of an ideal Church and an ideal State. Apart from the introspective searchingness of the *Apologia*, it was written in such a charming style, in such melodious and perfect English, that people unused to doctrinal arguments, and, like Gallio, caring for none of these things, found themselves awaiting with eager interest the issue of each successive number The keynote of the work was a determination to be the victim of Protestant misrepresentation no longer. "I must," said Dr. Newman, "give the true key to my whole life, I must show what I am that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me. I wish to be known as a living man, and not as a scarecrow which is dressed up in my clothes. False ideas may be refuted indeed by argument, but by true ideas alone are they expelled . . . I will draw out, as far as may be, the history of my mind; I will state the point at which I began, in what external suggestion or accident each opinion had its rise, how far and how they were developed from within, how they grew, were modified, were combined, were in collision with each other, and were changed; again, how I conducted myself towards them, and how, and how far and for how long a time, I thought I could hold them consistently with ecclesiastical engagements which I had made, and with the position which I filled." All this was truly set forth. It is not too much to say that the effect of the volume, when it was finished, was to completely change the attitude of the public towards him. Their suspicion

melted away into the thinnest of thin air. His opponents were forced to the conclusion that they had hitherto misjudged him. The striking candour of his avowals had all the significance of irrefragable proof. People forgot all about the quarrel with Kingsley in the presence of a larger interest. Newman himself felt the same thing. "And now," he says at the end of the first part, "I am in a train of thought higher and more serene than any which slanders can disturb. Away with you, Mr. Kingsley, and fly into space."

The effect of the publication upon members of his own community may be judged from the fact that at a Diocesan Synod of Roman Catholic clergy, held at St. Chad's, Birmingham, in June 1864, an address was presented to him conveying the hearty thanks of the Synod for his vindication of the honour of the Catholic priesthood, and for the "ingenuous fulness" of his answer to "a false and unprovoked accusation." In replying to this address, Dr. Newman said, referring to the incident which had called it forth, that he had to perform a duty which had been thrust upon him by circumstances over which he had no control. If, however, in the vindication of his character, he had indirectly done good by lessening prejudice against the Catholic clergy or the faith which was so dear to them all, he was, of course, deeply grateful for the result. And, in allusion to a hope which had been expressed that he would continue to use his pen in combating errors which assailed the Church, he remarked with a humorous pathos that old age was more for suffering than for action; it was a kind of purgatory in which old men were providentially placed, in order that they might learn that it was better to suffer than to do; and his principal business now was to suffer, and to ask their charity for himself in this purgatory. It will be seen, though, as the narrative proceeds, that Dr. Newman, though then threescore and three years of age, was neither past the capability nor the will for action; and that if it was part of his lot to suffer, it was no less a part of his duty to do.

The year following the publication of the *Apologia* was rendered interesting by the composition of a work of a totally different kind—the well-known poem entitled *The Dream of Gerontius*. And here it may not be

altogether out of place to introduce one or two general remarks. Dr. Newman's place in literature is to some extent independent of his place as a theologian, notwithstanding that nearly everthing he wrote was the outcome of theological studies. As poet, as critic, as historian, as controversialist, all his work was dominated by the religious instinct, and coloured to some extent by his religious prepossesions. Allusions have been made so frequently in these pages to the chief productions of his pen that it is unnecessary here to bring them into court as proofs of this proposition. Theology, in some shape or other, was the basis upon which he constructed his literary work. It was the mainspring of his appearance in the field of literature. Yet it is quite possible to judge of his quality without scrutinising very narrowly the motives which guided him. A work like the *Apologia* can be estimated and valued without our being deeply interested in the eternal rivalries of the Christian Churches, possibly even without our having much sympathy with the polemics of either of them. The *Parochial Sermons* do not demand of the reader an acceptance of the Anglican theory before he is able to appreciate the lucidity, the force, the pure English, and the skilful argumentation of those pulpit classics. The *History of the Arians* does not tax the patience of the secular student because it happens to describe the dissensions of the Early Church. So, too, with Dr. Newman's poetry. The sweet fragrance of its devotional spirit and the deep piety of its themes are no hindrances to its enjoyment simply as a literary feast. And here one is struck by the rarity of the combination which is a phenomenal characteristic of Dr. Newman's intellectual gifts. He possesses not only the logical faculty, but the imaginative as well; he is not only a subtle dialectician, but a fascinating singer. The same pen which demolished Canon Kingsley, and which gave Mr. Gladstone something to think over, wrote *The Dream of Gerontius*. This combination of the poetical with the argumentative is the keynote to much of his fascination as a writer. The dry bones of disquisition are habited in comeliness and beauty, and enlivened by the play of a delicate fancy and the graces of a supersubtle wit. The flights of his Muse, on the other hand, are kept in decorous restraint by the modifying influence of the logical

mind. In no case does the rhetorical imagination run away with the reins of common-sense, or the "fine frenzy" of the poet lead him into obscurities of expression, or even into momentary forgetfulness of the purity of his English. Dr. Newman's verses possess in a large sense that delightful self-emitting light of intelligibility which characterises his prose writings. Not all of them, perhaps, rise to the height demanded by the standards of true poetry. Here and there one meets with a piece, in the collected edition, which, though faultless in expression and suggestive in scholarship, does not fall upon the ear as if it came hot and hissing from the furnace of the poet's brain. Nor are his verses, as a rule, strikingly harmonious; the metre sometimes halts. None the less, however, is Newman a genuine poet. His hymns are marked by a beautiful subjective feeling, and occasionally by the pathos which is uttered only by those whose hearts have been wrung. They often succeed in burning themselves into the mind of the reader. There are few tenderer, more trustful, or more devotional verses than those of "Lead, kindly Light," which has been fitly characterised by a competent critic as the most popular hymn in the language. Many of the earlier poems are expressions of the moods or thoughts then paramount. Hence we have the frequent doubts, and lamentations, and apprehensions of an on-coming evil, which were the children of his views regarding religious Liberalism. Nor is the tone of these rebukeful verses at all times lacking in a combative spirit. The pen seems now and then almost to grow into a sword. The poet not only bewails the offences of the unfaithful, but he smites them hip and thigh when the mood is on him. Writing of England, in 1832, he says :—

> "He who scann'd Sodom for His righteous men
> Still spares thee for thy ten;
> But, should vain tongues the Bride of Heaven defy,
> He will not pass thee by;
> For, as earth's kings welcome their spotless guest,
> So gives he them by turn, to suffer or be blest."

It is not, however, with the sentiments of the author so much as with his style that we have to do. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that many of his poems are in the nature of

self-communings, and contain passages of prayerful entreaty for larger faith, a fuller measure of righteousness, and a saintlier life. In all, the language is fitly, sometimes exquisitely, chosen. Every line, in fact, is pervaded by a scholarly finish. Some of the matins, lauds, and vespers written by Dr. Newman after he entered the Church of Rome, are perfect examples of a refined hymnody. Take these verses from a *Song for Candlemas*:—

"We wait along the penance-tide
Of solemn fast and prayer;
While song is hush'd, and lights grow dim
In the sin-laden air.
And while the sword in Mary's soul
Is driven home, we hide
In our own hearts, and count the wounds
Of passion and of pride."

And for perfect beauty of expression, take these lines on *Heathen Greece*, written in 1856:—

"Where are the Islands of the Blest?
They stud the Ægean Sea;
And where the deep Elysian rest?
It haunts the vale where Peneus strong
Pours his incessant stream along,
While craggy ridge and mountain bare
Cut keenly through the liquid air,
And, in their own pure tints array'd,
Scorn earth's green robes which change and fade,
And stand in beauty undecay'd,
Guards of the bold and free.

For what is Afric, but the home
Of burning Phlegethon?
What the low beach and silent gloom,
And chilling mists of that dull river,
Along whose bank the thin ghosts shiver,—
The thin wan ghosts that once were men,—
But Tauris, isle of moor and fen,
Or, dimly traced by seamen's ken,
The pale-cliff'd Albion."

The most imaginative of all Dr. Newman's writings is unquestionably *The Dream of Gerontius*. It has been not inaptly described as "the most vivid sketch

of things beyond the veil that has been given to the world since Dante." It has, indeed, been remarked by a penetrating critic that Newman, both in this remarkable poem and in some of his contributions to the *Lyra Apostolica*, has thrown in, here and there, some perfectly Dantesque touches. "Tender affection and prophetic sternness, subtle thought and vivid speech, the mingling of beauty, horror, grotesqueness in his vision of the unseen world—these all remind us of the great poem in which the Florentine poet portrayed what lies 'beyond the veil.'"

The death-bed of a dear friend was the inspiring cause which occasioned *The Dream of Gerontius* to be written. Gerontius, while he lies a-dying, dreams of his soul's transportation to the unseen world, and its reception by the ministering agents of the Almighty's will. In a sublime strain of poetic power the mysteries are pictured that lie hidden across the portals of the tomb. The straining eye of a hungering fancy discloses its idea of the "May be" of the soul's future. Meaner imaginations are almost appalled at the boldness of the attempt. An awful realism seems to pervade the picture. The angel and the soul hold dialogues of solemn significance; demons howl their unholy dissonance; heavenly choirs hymn their votive praises to the Highest; the souls in purgatory welcome the new comer with a psalm. The language rises to the level of this majestic theme; the rhythm harmonises with its grandeur. Though they are human words which the angel uses, and human ideas which he expresses with them, it is scarcely hyperbolical to say that the plane of the supernatural seems to have been reached, and an awesomeness given to the utterances in keeping with their character. Note the majestic calm of the explanation in the following extract. The Soul remarks on the powerlessness of the scoffing demons—

> "How impotent they are! and yet on earth
> They have repute for wondrous power and skill,
> And books describe, how that the very face
> Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force
> Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life
> Of him who saw it."

To which the Angel replies,—

"In thy trial-state
Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,
Connatural, who with the powers of hell
Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
And to that deadliest foe unlock'd thy heart.
And therefore is it, in respect of man,
Those fallen ones show so majestical.
But, when some child of grace, Angel or Saint,
Pure and upright in his integrity
Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,
They scud away as cowards from the fight.
Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,
Not yet disburdened of mortality,
Mock'd at their threats and warlike overtures;
Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,
Defied them, and departed to his Judge."

Passages even more characteristic of the thrilling grandeur of a supra-mundane situation follow when the Soul "with intemperate energy of love, flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel." With exquisite love and tenderness the Angel consigns its charge to the penal waters of the purgatorial state. Whether there be a purgatorial state or not,—whether prayers for the dead can be of any avail or not,—are questions which need not interfere with our appreciation of such beautiful lines as these :—

"Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

The story runs that this sublime composition was so lightly valued by Dr. Newman that he had consigned, or was about to consign, it to the waste-paper basket, when a lucky accident led to its rescue, the quick appreciation of some discriminating critic, and its subsequent publication.

About the year 1862 there were many rumours afloat to the effect that Dr. Newman was unsettled in his views, and

that he was not happy in the Church of Rome. These he thought fit to answer by declaring that he had never had one moment of wavering of trust in that Church ever since he had been received into her fold. "Protestants," he added, in a vein of humorous sarcasm, "are always on the look out for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact; therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction if I can, I do hereby profess *ex animo*, with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No, the net is broken, and we are delivered. I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left the land flowing with milk and honey for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

His abilities as a controversialist were not long suffered to rust in idleness. Early in 1866 he answered Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon*, a proposal for the re-union of Christendom, which he argued to be impossible. About this time Dr. Newman was subjected to a series of ungenerous attacks at the hands of some of his co-religionists. No man had ever done more for his adopted faith than he had, yet there was dissatisfaction rather than gratitude in certain quarters. The excuse for all this was that he was not altogether "sound,"—that he entertained on some points views which were not quite in accord with those of the Ultramontane school. A project which he had in contemplation to found a branch of the Oratory at Oxford fell through, according to the *Guardian*, on account of the opposition of the English Roman Catholic bishops. The opposition may have proceeded from a *bonâ fide* doubt as to the practicability or wisdom of the scheme. At all events, the mooting of the idea led to some acrimonious criticisms in the *Weekly Register*, to the effect that Dr. Newman had forfeited the high place he once held in the Roman Catholic world. The nominal grounds of this alleged forfeiture were a sermon which he had recently preached on the Temporal Power of the Pope, and some "heterodox" passages in the *Apologia*. The ungraciousness of these attacks was manifest, and their injustice was scarcely less so. Twenty

years of fidelity to the cause for which he had made such enormous sacrifices and broken such affectionate ties ought to have insured him from the petty jealousies and disaffections of a clique. To the credit of the Roman Catholic body, very little sympathy was shown with these attacks. On the other hand, Dr. Newman was himself the object of a very marked display of sympathy. A large number of influential Catholics met at Stafford on the 9th of April, 1867, and showed their attachment to him by adopting an address in which they expressed their deep pain at the anonymous attacks he had endured. "Any blow," they said, "that touches you, wounds the Catholic Church in this country." The numerous and important signatures appended to this address gave it a representative character. In his letter of reply Dr. Newman said, "The attacks of opponents are never hard to bear when the person who is the subject of them is conscious to himself that they are undeserved. But in the present instance I have small cause indeed for pain or regret at this occurrence, since they have at once elicited in my behalf the warm feeling of so many dear friends who know me well, and of so many whose good opinion is the more impartial for the very reason that I am not personally known to them. Of such men, whether friends or strangers to me, I would a hundred times rather receive the generous sympathy than have escaped the misrepresentations which are the occasion of their showing it." Some years afterwards he made another public reference to the painful episode of these unjust attacks. By a deputation of Irish peers, judges, and Roman Catholic bishops, waiting upon him to congratulate him on his accession to the Cardinalate, it was remarked that he had not been altogether spared the dishonouring misrepresentations which have been the portion of the best and greatest of mankind. Dr. Newman, in acknowledging the compliment, said, "Reference has been made to the accident that in past years I have not always been understood, or had justice done to my real sentiments and intentions, in influential quarters at home and abroad. I will not deny that on several occasions this has been my trial, and I say this without assuming that I had no blame myself in its coming upon me. But I was conscious myself of a firm faith in the Catholic

Church and loyalty to the Holy See, and that I had been blessed with a fair measure of success in my work; and that prejudice and misrepresentation do not last for ever. And now my wonder is, as I feel it, that the sunshine is come out so soon and with so fair a promise of lasting through my evening."

CHAPTER VII.

The Dogma of Papal Infallibility—Catholic Objections to the Definition—Dr. Newman condemns it as ill-timed—The Massacre of St. Bartholomew and Pope Gregory XIII.—Mr. Gladstone's Article on Ritualism—His Charge Against Romanism—Pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees—Its Reception by Catholics—Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk—The Claims of Conscience—Mr. Gladstone's Reply—The "Grammar of Assent."

In the year 1870, the dogma of Papal Infallibility received the assent of the Œcumenical Council sitting at Rome. Its effect was to give to the Pope's *ex cathedrâ* decisions the force of a *de fide* revelation, binding on the consciences and unquestioning obedience of all good Catholics. The Council further determined that, in order to speak *ex cathedrâ*, the Pope must at least speak "as exercising the office of Pastor and Doctor of all Christians, defining, by virtue of his Apostolical authority, a doctrine whether of faith or of morals for the acceptance of the universal Church." Practically the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility had been accepted and acted upon by the Roman Church for many centuries, but it had never, until then, been formulated by definition, or, in the shape of a dogma, promulgated as an essential of fidelity. The faith of Roman Catholics, objectively considered, can never change. It cannot be added to or diminished, in their eyes, as it is simply the "deposit" of revealed truth, committed to the guardianship of the Church, to be announced by her to the world, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The "definitions" of the Church do not, to the Roman Catholic make *new* faith; they only declare certain doctrines to be "of faith" which before (however generally believed as truths) were not *defined* dogmas and might, therefore, be denied without subjecting those who denied them to the charge of heresy. The Apostle's Creed was the first great

"definition" of Christian Faith. The Nicene and Athanasian Creeds were similar "definitions"; also that of Pope Pius the Fourth. The Vatican decree, "defining" the infallibility of the Head of the Church, when speaking *ex cathedrâ* on a matter of Faith or the Moral Law, was the last "definition" of the Church. In just the same way the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception had, in 1854, been crystallised into a dogma binding on the consciences of the faithful. The infallibility of the Church has ever been believed, as a fundamental truth, by Roman Catholics of every age; because they hold that the Holy Spirit speaks through the Church as to the truths to be believed, and the moral law to be obeyed, by men, in order to eternal salvation. But questions often arose as to where this infallibility resided, whether in the Pontiff, speaking in the fulness of his authority as Head of the Church, or in the decisions of General Councils duly sanctioned by him, or only when such decisions or decrees were accepted by the great body of the Church throughout the world. The belief most generally held was that now defined by the Vatican Council, declaring the decree of the Roman Pontiff, when speaking *ex cathedrâ* and defining a matter of faith or moral law, to be "irreformable in itself" and binding on the whole Church.

Nevertheless the new "definition" of 1870 was not carried into effect with unanimity. More than eighty of the bishops absented themselves from the Council, and would have nothing to do with its act. Out of these formidable dissensions grew the Old Catholic movement with Dr. Döllinger at its head, who, rejecting these novelties of dogma, seceded from the Church and took with them an erudition which, it was thought, could hardly be replaced. Outside the Council, the Vatican vote was received with feelings of the most contradictory kind, even among members of the Catholic Church. Some thought the Papal claims themselves too extensive; others, who were not willing to dispute the decree on this score, considered that it was ill-timed. Its practical outcome seemed to be that whatever the Pope might do was to be regarded as free from error. This, at all events, was the popular view of the dogma, although it was

afterwards sought to be modified by the attenuating explanations of a subtle dialectical skill. Grave feelings and apprehensions were excited by the definition of Papal Infallibility, at a juncture when the cooler heads of the Church were loth to excite the popular clamour of her enemies. What intelligent Protestants thought of it is within the recollection of everybody. It may be that the intepretation put upon the possible scope of the dogma was in some cases exaggerated; but the fact that many of the more influential Catholics resented it, even when limited to the domain of faith and morals, shows that the Protestant feeling on the matter could not have sprung entirely from ill-informed prejudice. Dr. Newman was one of those who had always accepted this doctrine of personal infallibility in a certain limited sense. His theory, which was that of the majority of his co-religionists in this country, was that the Pope was free from error only in his office as teacher of faith and morals, and that in his personal acts he was as liable to err as any other man. It is easy to see what a flood of casuistry might be evolved out of a differentiation so subtle. Nevertheless it satisfied men whose largeness of intellect forbids us to think that they were at all slow to perceive even the most delicate shade of its import. But the prudence of the Œcumenical definition by no means gave equal satisfaction in all quarters. Dr. Newman resented it on the ground of inexpediency. His view found expression in a letter to Bishop Ullathorne of Birmingham, which, although not intended for publication by some means found its way into print and gave rise, temporarily, to an impression that the doctrine itself failed to meet with his acceptance.

"Rome ought," he said, "to be a name to lighten the heart at all times, and a Council's proper office is, when some great heresy or other evil impends, to inspire hope and confidence in the faithful; but now we have the greatest meeting which ever has been seen, and that at Rome, infusing into us by the accredited organs of Rome and of its partisans (such as the *Civilta*, the *Armonia*, the *Univers*, and the *Tablet*) little else than fear and dismay. When we are all at rest, and have no doubts, and—at least practically, not to say doctrinally—hold the Holy Father to be infallible, suddenly there is thunder in the clear sky, and we are told

to prepare for something, we know not what, to try our faith, we know not how. No impending danger is to be averted, but a great difficulty is to be created. Is this the proper work of an Œcumenical Council?

"As to myself personally, please God, I do not expect any trial at all; but I cannot help suffering with the many souls who are suffering, and I look with anxiety at the prospect of having to defend decisions which may not be difficult to my own private judgment, but may be most difficult to maintain logically in the face of historical facts.

"What have we done to be treated as the faithful never were treated before? When has a definition *de fide* been a luxury of devotion and not a stern painful necessity? Why should an aggressive insolent faction be allowed 'to make the heart of the just sad, whom the Lord hath not made sorrowful?' Why cannot we be let alone, when we have pursued peace and thought no evil?

"I assure you, my Lord, some of the truest minds are driven one way and another, and do not know where to rest their feet,—one day determining 'to give up all theology as a bad job,' and recklessly to believe henceforth almost that the Pope is impeccable; at another, tempted to 'believe all the worst which a book like Janus says;' others 'doubting about the capacity possessed by Bishops drawn from all corners of the earth to judge what is fitting for European society,' and then, again, angry with the Holy See for listening to the 'flattery of a clique of Jesuits, Redemptorists, and converts.'

"Then, again, think of the store of Pontifical scandals in the history of eighteen centuries which have partly been poured forth and partly are still to come. What Murphy inflicted upon us in one way M. de Veuillot is indirectly bringing on us in another. And then, again, the blight which is following upon the multitude of Anglican Ritualists, &c., who themselves perhaps,—at least their leaders,—may never become Catholics, but who are leavening the various English denominations and parties (far beyond their own range) with principles and sentiments tending towards their ultimate absorption into the Catholic Church.

"With these thoughts ever before me, I am continually asking myself whether I ought not to make my feelings

public, but all I do is to pray those early doctors of the Church whose intercession would decide the matter—(Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome, Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Basil) to avert the great calamity.

"If it is God's will that the Pope's infallibility is defined, then is it God's will to throw back 'the times and moments' of that triumph which he has destined for His Kingdom, and I shall feel I have but to bow my head to His adorable, inscrutable Providence."

The unathorised publication of this letter made a considerable stir in the religious world, and Dr. Newman incurred the censure of the more "thorough" of the Catholic hierarchy. The Pope himself was understood to be grieved that such a document should have found its way into print. The authority of the writer, although he held no high rank in the priesthood, lent a special importance to the burning words of his protest. Its implied assent to the doctrine of the Pope's personal infallibility scarcely lessened the tremendous force of the rebuke administered to the inexpediency of the Council's action. By some of his critics, indeed, Dr. Newman was accused of having denied the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. There was no warrant for this imputation, but it was so persistently repeated that at length he felt called upon to declare in express terms that he had never for a moment questioned the doctrine. In a letter to Mr. Capes, referring to the attack of a nameless critic, he says, "He assumes that I did not hold or profess the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility till the time of the Vatican Council, whereas I have committed myself to it in print again and again from 1845 to 1867. And on the other hand, as it so happens—though I held it, as I have ever done—I have had no occasion to profess it, whether in print or otherwise, since that date. Any one who knows my writings will recollect that in saying so I state a simple fact." It would scarcely profit us to follow in detail the controversy which ensued, especially as it was to take a more important shape later on. The grumblings of the defenders of the dogma gradually wore themselves out. Later on, such is the irony of fate, Dr. Newman was called upon by the common consent of his people to answer the more serious of the indictments brought against the Vatican decrees by

those who saw in them a potentiality for bringing about civil confusion and a divided allegiance.

Prior, however, to the notable controversy with Mr. Gladstone, there was a sharp and instructive discussion in the public papers arising out of the application of the dogma of Infallibility to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. Pope Gregory XIII.'s connection with this bloody episode is not, perhaps, based upon the clearest historical evidence, but there is some evidence to support the theory that he gave his consent, with all the authority it implied, to the authors of the massacre. At all events, he ordered a medal to be struck in commemoration of the event. Every one admits, nowadays, that the massacre was a crime of the deepest dye, and the critics of Romanism and of its new pretensions, in 1872, put the pertinent question, whether an act iniquitous in itself was to be regarded as the infallible work of the inspired Vicar of God? In September of that year the *Times* had an article on the subject, which drew from Dr. Newman the following reply :—"You have lately in your article on the 'Massacre of St. Bartholomew' thrown down a challenge to us on a most serious subject. I have no claim to speak for my brethren; but I speak in default of better men. No Pope can make evil good. No Pope has any power over those eternal moral principles which God has imprinted on our hearts and consciences. If any Pope has, with his eyes open, approved treachery and cruelty, let those defend that Pope who can. If any Pope, at any time, has had his mind so occupied with the desirableness of the Church's triumph over her enemies as to be dead to the treacherous and savage acts by which that triumph was achieved, let those who feel disposed say that in such conduct he acted up to his high office of maintaining justice and showing mercy. Craft and cruelty, and whatever is base and wicked, have a sure Nemesis, and eventually strike the heads of those who are guilty of them. Whether in matter of fact Pope Gregory XIII. had a share in the guilt of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, must be proved to me before I believe it. It is commonly said, in his defence, that he had an untrue, one-sided account of the matter presented to him, and acted upon misinformation. This involves a question of fact

which historians must decide. But even if they decide against the Pope, his Infallibility is in no respect compromised. Infallibility is not Impeccability. Even Caiaphas prophesied, and Gregory XIII. was not quite a Caiaphas."

These minor controversies, however, paled by the side of that which presently ensued. The bearing of the Vatican Decrees was considered by many eminent Protestants to be hostile to the individual freedom of Roman Catholics in England. They understood those decrees to be capable of a political construction. If the Pope's voice was binding as an obligatory matter of conscience in questions of faith and morals, there was no knowing what affairs of politics and state might not be included in the domain of faith and morals. The Pope, they argued, really set up a paramount authority which Catholics were bound to obey, even though, in doing so, they gave up their allegiance to the lawful sovereign. The members of the Roman Catholic Church, on the other hand, said that the Pope's infallibility bore upon the domain of thought, not of action, and that his prerogative lay in speculative matters, not in laws, commands, or measures. It was denied—emphatically and indignantly denied—that Romanists were a whit less loyal than their Protestant neighbours. Mr. Gladstone, in the recess of 1874, gave a fillip to controversial activity by a passage in an article on "Ritualism," in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*. "At no time," he said, "since the sanguinary reign of Mary has such a scheme"—*i.e.*, an effort on the part of a handful of the clergy to Romanise the Church and people of England—"been possible. But, if it had been possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, it would still have become impossible in the nineteenth; when Rome has substituted for the proud boast of *Semper Eadem* a policy of violence and change in faith; when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused; when no one can become her convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another; and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history." This passage in Mr. Gladstone's paper excited the indignation of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects in an extraordinary degree. It seemed

as if they had forgotten all at once the part he had taken in removing the disabilities under which they had so long laboured, and especially his great act of statesmanship in putting an end to the dominance of the Established Church in Ireland. He was fiercely and even bitterly assailed, so much so that he felt an elaborate justification of his words to be necessary. This appeared in a pamphlet on *The Vatican Decrees—in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance; a Political Expostulation.* He divided his case into four propositions, embracing the several charges of the passage in the *Contemporary Review.* Of these the third, namely, that "no one can now become the convert of Rome without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another," was the most important. After a minute analysis of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, Mr. Gladstone summarised the effects of the dogma by stating that absolute obedience had been declared to be due to the Pope, at the peril of salvation, not alone in faith and in morals, but in all things which concern the discipline and government of the Church. "Thus," he continued, "are swept into the Papal net whole multitudes of facts, whole systems of government, prevailing, though in different degrees, in every country in the world. Even in the United States, where the severance between Church and State is supposed to be complete, a long catalogue might be drawn up of subjects belonging to the domain and competency of the State, but also undeniably affecting the government of the Church; such as, by way of example, marriage, burial, education, prison discipline, blasphemy, poor relief, incorporation, workmen's religious endowments, vows of celibacy and obedience. In Europe the circle is far wider, the points of contact and of interlacing almost innumerable. But on all matters respecting which any Pope may think proper to declare that they concern either faith, or morals, or the government or discipline of the Church, he claims, with the approval of a Council, undoubtedly Œcumenical in the Roman sense, the absolute obedience, at the peril of salvation, of every member of his communion. . . . It is well to remember that this claim . . . is lodged in open day by, and in the reign of, a Pontiff who

has condemned free speech, free writing, a free press, toleration of Nonconformity, liberty of conscience, the study of civil and philosophical matters in independence of the ecclesiastical authority, marriage unless sacramentally contracted, and the definition by the State of the civil rights of the Church; who has demanded from the Church, therefore, the title to define its own civil rights, together with a divine right to civil immunities, and a right to use physical force; and who has also proudly asserted that the Popes of the middle ages with their Councils did not invade the rights of princes."

Mr. Gladstone deduced from his arguments the conclusion that the Pope claimed from every convert and member of his Church that he shall "place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another," that other being his Holiness. Having dealt with the propositions, the essayist proceeded to discuss the questions whether, being true, they were material, and whether being true and material, they were proper to be set forth by him. With regard to the latter, he pointed out that notwithstanding what the Liberal party had done for Roman Catholics in the past, the rejection of the Irish University Bill was due to the influence of the Roman Catholic prelacy of Ireland. If this were the place to show it, it might be proved that the inherent defects of the measure, and its unsatisfactoriness to Liberal feeling, were as much the cause of its failure as the opposition of the Irish Bishops, who, whether they were instigated thereto by Rome or not, had an unquestionable right to use their influence against a measure which, in their opinion, fell short of the just claims of their creed. This, however, is quite by the way. The pamphlet was undoubtedly an able and lucid exposition of the popular view, and to the large majority of Englishmen who read it, it must have carried conviction, at any rate as regarded its main thesis. In a few weeks a hundred and twenty thousand copies were sold. Many Roman Catholics of eminence, lay as well as clerical, replied to it. A great divergency of view was made manifest. It became more evident than ever that the Vatican Decrees did not meet with the full acceptance of many distinguished Catholic families in England. Lord Camoys, Lord Acton, and Mr. Henry Petre declared their

agreement, more or less, with Mr. Gladstone's views. But most of the replies were of an antagonistic, rather than of a sympathetic character. The Ultramontane press was, naturally, in its severest mood. No more noteworthy answer was forthcoming, however, than the temperate and closely-reasoned reply made by Dr. Newman. This took the form of a letter to the Duke of Norfolk, and it was published in pamphlet form very early in 1875. It would be idle to deny that Dr. Newman made out a strong case. So skilful a controversialist could scarcely have failed to present a plausible, and even an effective answer. The drift of his argument was, in effect, to minimise the nature of the Papal claims, and to show that there was no danger of their being exerted to the detriment of Catholic loyalty. It became necessary for Dr. Newman, as he proceeded with his argument, to refer to the letter of 1870, already quoted, and to various rumours that had been circulated. Mr. Gladstone, in alluding to this letter in his pamphlet, had spoken of it as "remarkable," and as "a censure by the first living theologian now within the Roman Communion." Dr. Newman, after denying that there was a particle of truth in the statement that he was at one time on the point of uniting with Dr. Döllinger and his party, said: "They [such reports] arise from forgetfulness on the part of those who spread them that there are two sides of ecclesiastical acts, that right ends are often prosecuted by very unworthy means, and that in consequence those who like myself oppose a mode of action, are not necessarily opposed to the issue for which it has been adopted." Referring to the publication of his private letter, he said: "It was one of the most confidential I ever wrote in my life. I wrote it to my own Bishop, under a deep sense of the responsibility I should incur, were I not to speak out to him my own mind. I put the matter from me when I had said my say, and kept no proper copy of the letter. To my dismay I saw it in the public prints—to this day I do not know, nor suspect, how it got there. I cannot withdraw it, for I never put it forward, so it will remain in the columns of the newspapers whether I will or not; but I withdraw it as far as I can, by declaring that it was never meant for the public eye."

It would be impracticable to give here anything like a sufficient summary of the arguments adduced by Dr. Newman in his contention with Mr. Gladstone, although one or two of them may be alluded to. That those arguments, admirably arranged and expressed though they were, fell short of convincing Protestant readers may, perhaps, be taken for granted. Dr. Newman's object was to narrow the field, and to show that the claims of the Pope were not meant to extend into the domain of practical politics. In doing so he took a learned and comprehensive survey of the whole question. One scarcely knows whether to admire more the enormous range of his theological reading, or his delightful lucidity of expression, or the masterly way in which he marshalled his arguments. He said that the cases were extreme and highly improbable in which he should obey the Pope and not the State. "The circumference of State jurisdiction and of Papal are for the most part quite apart from each other; there are just some few degrees out of the 360 in which they intersect, and Mr. Gladstone, instead of letting these cases of intersection alone, till they actually occur, asks me what I should do if I found myself placed in the space intersected. If I must answer then, I should say distinctly that did the State tell me in a question of worship to do what the Pope told me not to do, I should obey the Pope, and should think it no sin, if I used all the power and the influence I possessed as a citizen to prevent such a bill passing the Legislature, and to effect its repeal if it did." In like manner there were hypothetical though remotely improbable cases in which he might find it is duty to obey the State and disobey the Pope. He gave an "absolute obedience" neither to Pope nor Queen. If one of these far-fetched conflicts of authority should arise, and he failed to get guidance in the quarters where he looked for it, he should decide the case for himself on its own merits. That is to say, he would resort to private judgment in extraordinary and rare emergencies, if they could be regarded as coming within the range of possibility. So, too, in matters of conscience. Conscience, in its true meaning, was of higher authority than a Papal command, and should receive obedience if by any chance the two happened to

clash. "Certainly," said Dr. Newman, by way of clenching this part of his argument, "if I am obliged to bring religion into after dinner toasts (which, indeed, does not seem quite the thing), I shall drink,—to the Pope, if you please,—still, to Conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards." Referring to Mr. Gladstone's statement that the Holy See had condemned the liberty of the press, of conscience, and of worship, the reverend Father construed it to mean that liberty of conscience and worship was the *inherent right* of all men, that it ought to be proclaimed in *every* rightly-constituted society, that it was a right to *all sorts of liberty*, such that it ought not to be restrained by any authority, ecclesiastical or *civil*, as far as public speaking, printing, or any other public manifestation of opinions is concerned. In other words, it was the liberty of *every* one to give *public* utterance, in *every* possible shape, by *every* possible channel, without *any* let or hindrance from God or man, to *all* his notions *whatsoever*. All that the Pope had done was to deny a universal,—a universal liberty to all men to say out whatever doctrines they may hold, by preaching or the press, uncurbed by the Church or civil power. Dr. Newman next proceeded to explain away the importance of the Syllabus, which was, he said, a mere index to propositions that during many years had been condemned by Pope Pius IX. in formal Allocutions, and carried in itself no weight. Not the least interesting part of the Letter was the reasoning by which he convinced himself that notwithstanding the withdrawal of no fewer than eighty Bishops from the Council, when the dogma was adopted, it still had all the weight and authority which would have belonged to a unanimous acceptance. The concluding divisions were devoted to a general diminution of the force of the dogma and a limitation of its sphere of operations.

Mr. Gladstone had, of course, dealt with that interpretation of the dogma which appeared to bear out his own convictions. In a reply, written a month or two later, he pronounced Dr. Newman's Letter to the Duke of Norfolk to be of the highest interest as a psychological study. "Whatever he writes, whether we agree with him or not, presents to us this great attraction as well as advantage, that we have everywhere the man in his work, that the

words are the transparent covering of his nature. If there be obliquity in them, it is purely intellectual obliquity; the work of an intellect sharp enough to cut the diamond, and bright as the diamond which it cuts. How rarely it is found, in the wayward and inscrutable records of our race, that with these instruments of an almost superhuman force and subtlety, robustness of character and energy of will are or can be developed in the same extraordinary proportions, so as to integrate that structure of combined thought and action which makes life a moral whole." With this generous estimate of a controversial adversary—an estimate in all ways characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's chivalrous nature—very few impartial critics will disagree. The upshot of the discussion, if it can be said to have had any upshot at all, was that the loyalty of the Queen's Roman Catholic subjects remained untainted and secure, while the honours of the chief disputants may be said to have been divided. The victory lies with him with whom we are most in sympathy. It is according to the bias of the reader that judgment will be given, and in a matter so intimately bound up with religious bias as that of the Vatican Decrees it would be impossible to say that either of the champions had completely and signally worsted his foe.

In the same year was published that remarkable work of Christian apologetics, *The Grammar of Assent.* In this skilfully argued work Dr. Newman has vindicated the claims of the Christian religion upon human belief. He deals in it with the inner evidences of belief, and with the processes which lead the mind to assent to them, and his object is to free those processes from the yoke of formal and technical logic. It is a work which Protestants as well as Catholics, with few exceptions, can unreservedly admire, inasmuch as its motive is not a defence of Catholicism in particular, but of Christianity.

CHAPTER VIII.

Papal Coldness—Elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity—Revisits Oxford—Interview with Dr. Pusey—Issue of Collected Works—Dr. Newman at Home—Still Life at Edgbaston—Simplicity of Surroundings—Latin Plays at the Oratory—Newman's Love of Children—Definition of a Gentleman.

No official recognition of the service rendered by Dr. Newman followed his Letter to the Duke of Norfolk. Others who had contributed to the discussion, and whose vindication of the Vatican Decrees had been more thorough, were rewarded with titular distinctions and ecclesiastical rank. Archbishop Manning was made a Cardinal. Apostolical favours in the shape of Approbations and Benedictions were showered upon those who had upheld the reconstruction of the Papal Acts most in accordance with the views of the Roman Curia. Neither Missive nor Benediction, however, was sent to Dr. Newman. He remained a plain Oratorian Father, and while one of the two prominent divines who had defended the Decrees received a signal mark of the Pope's approval, the other, and the more eminent, was treated with what his countrymen could not help regarding as a sullen neglect. Honours, however, were forthcoming from a different source, animated by a generous recognition of his unsurpassed intellectual qualities, apart from the doctrines they were employed to support. Towards the close of 1877 he was elected an Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. This was a signal mark of honour. Trinity had been his first college. It was endeared to him by many pleasant associations, and the ties of warm and never-to-be-forgotten friendships. "Trinity," he says in the *Apologia*, "had never been unkind to me." Hence this mark of recognition was one of special acceptability. There was an added graciousness in it due to the conditions of his faith. A few years earlier, before the abolition of University

tests, such an honour would have been impossible. The idea of a distinguished Roman Catholic being selected for one of the high posts in Oxford would have been too much for the old intolerant days of Church of England prerogative. Dr. Newman's religious professions being no longer a "disability," nothing could have been more fitting than the distinction conferred upon him by his old college. Nor did the college itself fail to gain by the distinction it bestowed. The lustre of a great name was reflected upon its own reputation. It became forthwith identified with one of the profoundest scholars and most eminent men of the age, in a far more distinct way than by having been the home of his undergraduate days. And it became the means of what in one sense may almost be called a reconciliation between Dr. Newman and Oxford itself. When he quitted Littlemore in 1846, and left behind him the towers and spires of Oxford, it was with the idea that his association with the University was broken for ever. He did not expect ever to have any identity with, or practical interest in it again. He had seen the spires from the railway, but Oxford itself he had never revisited. The Trinity Fellowship was the means of his renewing the connection by once more setting foot amid the familiar scenes of thirty-two years before. At the latter end of February, 1878, Dr. Newman revisited Oxford. He was the guest of the Rev. S. Wayte, President of Trinity College. He met a number of his old friends at dinner, and on the following day paid a long visit to Dr. Pusey, at Christ Church. What a flood of recollections,—what a host of surmises,—such a meeting must have called up. These two distinguished men were, at one time, on the same road and seemingly travelling towards the same goal. Both fell under the rebuke of the authorities. Dr. Newman had been censured, in effect, for the views enunciated in Tract XC. Dr. Pusey had been suspended from his preachership not long afterwards for a sermon on the Eucharist. One went over to Rome; the other remained in the Anglican Communion to be the apostle of "high" doctrine, and to give a name to that school of "Romanisers" which has since been merged in the Ritualist movement. Tomes of controversy might be said to have been represented in the conjunction of these

two eminent theologians, each representative of, and well able to champion, his particular cause. During his visit to Oxford, Dr. Newman spent some time at Keble College, in which he was naturally much interested, and on one of the days he dined at Trinity Hall, at the high table, in his academical dress. Two years and three months later, that is, in May, 1880, he again visited Oxford, met a distinguished company at a conversazione in the College Garden, and preached at the Roman Catholic Chapel in St. Giles's.

In 1877, Dr. Newman published a collected edition of his numerous works. No pretence has been made in this sketch to chronicle, even by name, the whole of his contributions to religious literature. Nor is it necessary to repair the omission by a mere lifeless record of their titles. Reference may, however, be made to the *Miscellaneous and Critical Essays*, which have been widely read and admired; and to *Calista: a Sketch of the Third Century*, a touching story of a beautiful Greek girl, who becomes a convert to Christianity after a fierce struggle between human affection and religious faith. The characters in this work are finely drawn, and vividly contrasted, and the whole surroundings of the period are caught with admirable fidelity. In the re-issue of his works referred to Dr. Newman included his pre-Catholic writings, annotating them where he felt that the views needed refutation, or the misstatements rectifying. An interesting contribution to his autobiography is furnished in the Preface. "It stands to reason," he says, "that these volumes must contain various statements, which I am sorry to have made, and which I reproduce at the present time not without pain. Gladly would I obliterate them, but that cannot be; and I have only the alternative of publishing them afresh with what I consider a refutation, or leaving them unanswered, to the chance of publication by others at some future time. I have chosen to re-publish them myself, and perhaps it would be want of faith in the Truth, or some over appreciation of my own controversial powers, if I had any dread lest my present explanations in behalf of the Catholic Religion could be inferior in cogency to the charges which I once brought against it.

"As I said in 1871, in the advertisement to my essays, 'The author cannot destroy what he has once put into print: *Litera scripta manet.* He might suppress it for a time; but sooner or later his power over it will cease. And then, if it is either in its matter or its drift adapted to benefit the cause which it was intended to support, at the time when it was given to the world, it will be republished in spite of his latter disavowal of it. In order to anticipate the chance of its being thus used after his death, the only way open to him is while living, to show why it has ceased to approve itself to his own judgment. If he does as much as this, he may reasonably hope that either no reprint of it will be made hereafter, or that the reprint of his first thoughts will in fairness be allowed to carry with it a reprint of his second. Moreover, he is sanguine that he has been able to reduce what is un-Catholic in these volumes, whether in argument or in statement, to the position of those 'Differentates' which figure in dogmatic treatises of theology, and which are elaborately drawn out and set forth to best advantage, in order that they may be the more carefully and satisfactorily answered.'"

These were the most noteworthy public events of Dr. Newman's life, in the years just prior to his elevation to the Cardinalate. He was now an old man, and for him the heat and confusion of controversy were past. In his reply to Mr. Gladstone he said those utterances were likely to be his "last words," and so, in one sense, they were. The soldier had fought zealously, and now he was not loth to put up his sword, and leave the strife to younger and lustier men. But his life was still one of activity, of routine duties consistently performed, of unremitting study, of ceaseless vigilance in his pious offices. A pleasant writer in the *World* has given such a complete sketch of Dr. Newman's habits about this time that some passages of it are worth quoting:—"As Dr. Newman's days grow fewer, they grow longer. He has ever been an early riser, and now from five in the morning until an unknown hour at night he is busily engaged in redeeming the time. His first two hours are given to devotion. Shortly after seven he says his mass—usually for some years past in the chapel of the Bona Mors—in which the souls of the

founders and Catholic benefactors of his old colleges at Oxford are always remembered. At about eight o'clock he appears in the refectory, where he breakfasts in silence, after the custom of religious houses, attacking meanwhile the pile of correspondence which awaits him on the table. Then his own room receives him, and until half-past two or three in the afternoon correspondence, study, and the duties involved in the government of the house and school engross him. An hour or two in the afternoon is given to exercise, for he is still a great pedestrian; the community dinner is at six o'clock, and on days when his turn comes round 'the Father' girds on the apron of service, and waits upon his brethren, not himself sitting down until they are served. All eat in silence, only broken by the voice of the Lector, who from the pulpit in the corner reads first a chapter from the Vulgate, then a chapter of the life of a saint, and lastly a portion from some modern work of general interest. When dinner is over, questions in some department of theological science are proposed by him whose turn it is. Each in succession gives his opinion, ending with the usual formula, 'But I speak under correction.' Then the proposer sums up, and the Fathers adjourn to a neighbouring parlour, where coffee is served and the pent-up flood of conversation bursts forth—the play of wit and fancy, the wealth of anecdote and reminiscence, the tender glances at the past, the keen remarks on the public events of the day, the shrewd practical observations on their own domestic and personal concerns. In all of which the Superior fully bears his part, as much at home here as among his graver pursuits, his clear musical voice interposing frequently to add the contribution of his *mitis sapientia* to the genial hour, which recalls to one the description given of the first Oratory over which St. Philip Neri himself presided, 'the school of Christian mirth.' Perhaps the two things which most strike the visitor among these ecclesiastics are their thoroughly English tone, and the liberality, in the highest sense, of their views. So passes Dr. Newman's life in his Birmingham home, its tranquil course broken at rare intervals by visits to old and cherished friends, chiefly of his Oxford days, or by retirement to a tiny country house of the Oratorians, a few miles distant, at Rednal, round which is the little churchyard

where they are buried. It is a pretty little spot, well away from the smoke and din of Birmingham; and here Dr. Newman will sometimes spend days in absolute seclusion, whether seeking rest from prolonged labour or unbroken time for more assiduous toil. It was here that the most closely-reasoned of his works, the *Grammar of Assent*, was composed; but the books with which the walls are lined bear evidence that lighter literature is not disregarded. Miss Austen, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Gaskell, are favourite authors with the great theologian. Of modern English poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and Crabbe are highly valued by him, and are constantly read. Music, again, has ever been a solace to him, and has been lovingly cultivated. Most educated men know the passage in the Oxford *University Sermons* in which 'the mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions we know not whence,' produced in us by the great masters of musical sound, are described in words of majestic eloquence which it would be hard to parallel. As might have been expected, the man who could write thus of music is himself no mean musician. A story is told—we know not with what truth—that on one occasion a Protestant Boanerges visiting Birmingham sent a pompous invitation to the great convert to dispute publicly with him in the Town Hall, to which Dr. Newman replied that he had small skill in controversy, and must decline to enter the lists with so redoubtable a champion; but that his friends credited him with some power of playing the violin, and that he would be happy to meet his challenger at a trial of strength on that instrument."

This seems a convenient place for enumerating one or two of Dr. Newman's more conspicuous traits. His method of life, for years, has been of the very simplest. Those who have been privileged to visit him in his own little room at the Oratory have been struck by the comparative bareness of its furniture. His bed, hung all round with curtains, stands screened off in one corner; a little square of carpet occupies the middle of the apartment; there are no evidences of luxury save those afforded by the presence of books; simplicity prevails on every hand. It is characteristic

of this distinguished man that he cares nothing for the treasures of this world. His life has been one of severe self-discipline. It would have been no difficult matter for him to have surrounded himself with the material evidences of refinement, and some, at least, of the purchasable comforts which, in the ideas of most men, go so far in contributing to earthly content. There is nothing of the kind, however, in the surroundings of Dr. Newman's home life. He loves, and always has loved, plain and homely ways, retirement from the busy haunts of men, the pleasures of contemplation, and the rich delights of a scholar's occupation. In the unique library of theology possessed by the Oratory he finds society and counsellors. Nor has age caused his diligence to wane. In these later years, when the allotted span has long run by, he has got through more work than many a fairly industrious man in the prime of life. Up till quite recently—I believe up to the present time—he has assisted at the monthly examination of the more advanced boys at the Oratory School. A few years ago he found time from the more serious duties of his position to revise Terence's licentious but witty comedy *Eunuchus*, and to make it acceptable for presentation by the pupils without sacrificing any of its diverting quality; and subsequently he effected an equally decorous transformation in the case of the *Phormio*; performing the task of purgation with an ingenuity and taste worthy of his reputation as a finished classical scholar. The interest of the latter of these presentations was increased by the fact that he wrote for it a prologue in terse and elegant Latin, and in equally pithy and pointed English as well. The English version may be quoted as a specimen of his scholarly recreations at the ripe age of fourscore :—

"What Attic Terence wrote of old for Rome,
We, in our Northern accents, lisp to-night;
What heathen Terence spoke to heathen ears,
We speak with Christian tongues to Christian men:
Doing the while this service to the Bard,
That the rare beauty of his classic wit
We by our pruning make more beautiful.

O happy art, which Terence never knew,
But they have learned, who aim in everything

To choose the good, and pass the evil by!
These, as they pace the tangled path of life,
Cleanse from this earth its earthly dross away,
And clothe it with a pure supernal light.

Neighbours and friends, what I have more to say—
It is not much—concerns our actors here,
Fresh, tender souls, and palpitating hearts,
Boys, who, though boys, essay the parts of men,
And are the first within this Catholic fold
To represent a classic comedy.
Be kind—they strive with no inglorious aim;
Where they do well, applaud; and if in aught
They shall come short, be mild and merciful.

Prologue enough; let Davus enter now
And lend his ear, while Geta tells his tale."

All who have been present at these occasional performances by the Oratory boys will recall the Cardinal's quiet enjoyment of the acting, and the simple, unostentatious manner in which he entered into the humours of the Latin comedians. His kindness, indeed, has always been notable. Not so very long ago a clergyman of the Church of England with whom he had formerly had an epistolary controversy, happened to be in Birmingham, and took occasion to call upon him. He was greeted with the most graceful of welcomes, and spent, as he told a friend, one of the most delightful hours of his life. Dr. Newman has the rare faculty of making every one with whom he comes in contact feel the influence of his sweetness and geniality of disposition. It has often happened that the children of the Birmingham Catholic Schools have obtained leave to spend a day at Rednal, near to which the Fathers of the Oratory own a few acres of heather-covered hill on the Bromsgrove Lickey range. In the bracing air of this picturesque seclusion the youngsters enjoy themselves thoroughly. On one occasion—it was in 1874—one of the schools had this privilege while Dr. Newman, according to his wont, was seeking repose at Rednal from the monotonous and wearing cares of the Oratory. So delighted was he to have the opportunity of ministering to the happiness of these little children—the sons and daughters, most of them, of poor people—that he went out to meet them, conducted

them through the little chapel and house, the pleasure ground, over the mountain side and on to its very top, his face beaming with joy, and his manner as complaisant as if he had been showing the attention to the children of nobles.

Dr. Newman has always taken a singular interest in young people, and has striven to add to the happiness of those, whether pupils or otherwise, with whom he has come in contact. This has been to some extent the natural outcome of an exceedingly amiable disposition. In no man of conspicuous mark in the world of thought has the combination of "sweetness and light" been more strikingly exhibited. He recalls in all things his own definition of a gentleman, which, while it reflects the gentleness and consideration for others which characterise his own conduct, is such an excellent example of his grace of literary expression, that some of its sentences are worth embodying here:—"The true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast; all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed

to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is destiny. If he engage in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it."—["*Idea of a University.*"]

CHAPTER IX.

The Sacred Purple—Newman's Reluctance to accept the Dignity—Congratulations of his Co-Religionists—Dr. Pusey on the Cardinalate—Newman's Journey to Rome—Speech on Religious Liberalism—Presentation of Vestments—Illness—Arrival in Birmingham—Home-Coming at the Oratory—Fresh Congratulations—Conclusion.

In the early part of 1879, rumours were afloat to the effect that Pope Leo XIII. was desirous of conferring some signal mark of favour upon Dr. Newman. It was also rumoured that the distinguished Oratorian was anxious to preserve his untitled position, and to continue devoting himself to the studious and educational work with which his life had been so long identified. Of Dr. Newman it might be truly said that he was not one of those

> "Who stoop, or lie in wait
> For wealth, for honours, or for worldly state."

In harmony with St. Philip Neri's precept, he "loved to be alone." It was therefore somewhat of a surprise when the definite announcement was made that he was to be raised to the Cardinalate. Nor is there much reason to doubt that he was at first reluctant to accept the princely position, with its attendant dignity and responsibilities. His scruples were, however, overcome. His Holiness treated him with all the delicate consideration due to his venerable age and commanding influence, but pressed the offer on his acceptance. This pressure, from so authoritative a source, partook of the nature of a command; and Dr. Newman, whatever his private inclinations may have been—and there is no doubt that he would have preferred to remain as he was, plain "Father Newman," and to have pursued, apart from the garish light which floods a great dignity, the even tenour of his contemplative way,—felt it his duty to obey. The names of the other eminent personages whom the Pope selected for elevation to the Sacred College showed clearly enough that

Leo XIII. was not bound by the Vatican traditions. Some of them had incurred the displeasure of Pius IX. Possibly, if they had not been the nominees of one whose will was law, the members of the College would have exercised a veto upon more than one of them. Newman himself can scarcely be said to have been an acceptable colleague to some of the Ultramontane section. The choice, however, was popular in England. Protestants as well as Catholics felt that tardy justice had at length been done to the ablest and most notable of Rome's champions. The honour, if it were really a recompense for service rendered, ought to have come long before. It came to him now in the fulness of years,—almost when his life's work might be considered done; when his body had not the strength nor his mind the disposition for the burdens of rank. His co-religionists expressed their pleasure in terms of warm congratulation. Men of the Reformed faith, who knew what prospects he had given up for conscience sake when he quitted the Anglican Communion, were not sorry that Rome had recognised his super-eminent qualities at last. Addresses soon began to be showered upon him from various Catholic quarters. The Provost and Canons of the Chapter of Westminster were among the earliest to express their gratification. The Provost and Chapter of St. Chad's, Birmingham, gave utterance to similar feelings. The Irish Catholic members of Parliament caught up and echoed the strain. Resolutions of satisfaction were passed by the Catholic Union. To most, if not all, of these congratulations, Dr. Newman made suitable replies. To the St. Chad's Chapter he avowed that never was a man supported and sustained more generously and affectionately than he had been in time of need; and that now, when his course was nearly run, the subscribers to the address ended as they had begun some thirty years ago; bringing up before him the memories of the past, and renewing his gratitude for old and recent acts of friendliness. In replying to the Westminster address he said: "It is indeed a happiness as great as it is rare that those feelings which are commonly aroused in a man's friends after his death should, in my own case, find expression in my behalf while I am yet alive."

Speaking to the Irish Catholic M.P.'s, he said: "You are the representatives of an ancient and faithful Catholic people for whom I have a deep affection," and added that no other country in the world would have treated him so graciously as theirs had done during his seven years' residence among them. All these testimonies of affection and respect must have convinced Dr. Newman that among his own people he was deeply beloved. Their spontaneity was as marked as their earnestness; their genuineness was as manifest as their loyalty. Somebody circulated a rumour about this time to the effect that Dr. Pusey had urged Dr. Newman to refuse the Cardinalate. The subject is worth referring to on account of a characteristic letter which Pusey wrote in answer to an inquiry on the subject. "The idea," he says, "of my having written to dear Newman most earnestly to refuse the Cardinalate is, of course, simply absurd. I heard at one and the same time that it had been offered to him, and that he had declined it. This was said, as far as I know, without the slightest contradiction. All the papers were full of it. I waited for a week, and then, supposing it to be certain that he had declined it, I wrote to congratulate him on the mark of confidence which the offer implied, and on his non-acceptance of the offer. It has been to me and to several of his old friends, like those old lines—'I have been honoured and obeyed, &c.' I do not know whether you love those old lines in the *Lyra Apostolica* as we do. His still life in the Oratory at Birmingham has been an ideal to me which I love to dwell upon. However, I found that people were mistaken, and that dear Newman thought that it would have been ungrateful in him towards those who had been at the pains to obtain this honour for him, and that he had accepted it, though he himself preferred obscurity. So I wrote to retract what I had said. Why do people gossip about such a sacred thing as a love of above half a century? People do not mean to be unkind, but it is not kind thus to profane such a friendship as his and mine. . . . . You may assure your friends that nothing has or can come between my deep love for John Henry Newman. As to thinking me pert enough to offer him advice, of course they are welcome enough to believe me capable of any folly."

With the most gratifying expressions of the esteem and approbation of his co-religionists ringing in his ears, Dr. Newman quitted Birmingham, on April 16th, 1879, *en route* for Rome, where the purple was to be conferred upon him with all the form and ceremonial befitting the great occasion. It was announced at the time in an inspired paragraph in the *Times* newspaper, that by the thoughtful consideration of some members of the Catholic nobility adequate provision would be made to enable him to sustain his new dignity. He was accompanied by Fathers Neville and Pope, and other priests of the Oratory. On the 24th he arrived at the Sacred City, the Pope, in consideration of his age and weakness, excusing him from performing the customary formality of going immediately to the Vatican to pay his homage. Three days later he was received at a private audience by the Holy Father, who welcomed him with great kindness and particular consideration. He subsequently visited Cardinal Nina, and went to the English College, St. Peter's, and the Oratory of the Chiesa Nuova. On May 2nd, symptons of a severe cold appeared, and he was obliged for several days to keep his apartment in the Via Sistina. On the 12th, he went to the residence of Cardinal Howard, in the Palazzo della Pigna, to receive the messenger from the Vatican, bearing the *biglietto* from the Cardinal Secretary of State informing him that in a secret Consistory held that morning his Holiness had deigned to raise him to the sublime rank of a Cardinal. It was an occasion of great interest and importance. The rooms were crowded with English and American Catholics, ecclesiastics and laymen, members of the Roman nobility, and dignitaries of the Church. Soon after midday the messenger was announced. After the formalities of the occasion were gone through, his Eminence addressed the audience in a speech which manifested all his old felicity of expression and impressive eloquence. "First of all," he said, "I am led to speak of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon me, and which is still upon me, at the condescension of love towards me of the Holy Father in signalling me out for so immense an honour. It was a great surprise. Such an elevation had never come into my thoughts, and seemed to be out of keeping with all my antecedents. I had passed through many trials, but

they were over, and now the end of all things had almost come to me, and I was at peace. And was it possible that, after all, I had lived through so many years for this? Nor is it easy to say how I could have borne so great a shock had not the Holy Father resolved on a second condescension towards me, which tempered it, and was to all who heard of it a touching evidence of his kindly and generous nature. He felt for me, and he told me the reasons why he had raised me to this high position. His act, he said, was a recognition of my zeal and good service for many years in the Catholic cause. Moreover, he judged it would give pleasure to English Catholics, and even to Protestant England if I received some mark of his favour. After such gracious words from his Holiness I should have been insensible and heartless if I had had scruples any longer. In a long course of years I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of the Saints—namely, that error could not be found in them; but what I trust I may claim throughout all I have written is this,—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve the Holy Church, and through Divine mercy a fair share of success." His Eminence went on to say that to one great mischief he had from the first opposed himself. For thirty, forty, fifty years he had resisted to the best of his powers, Liberalism in the Church; and he renewed the protest now. "Liberalism in religion," he said, "is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another." This was a teaching which was gaining force daily. People were bent on solving the problem of securing the submission of the masses to law and order, without the aid of Christianity. This "great apostacy" threatened in England a formidable success. Nevertheless, he had no fear, for he believed in the ultimate triumph of the Church over the secular principle. This address, which was spoken in a strong clear voice, created a deep impression upon the new Cardinal's sympathetic auditors. Dr. Pusey said of it: "It was a beautiful speech; quite the old John Henry Newman speaking out the truth, yet not wounding a single heart." It created considerable sensation throughout Europe, and not

least of all in England. The first note of the new Cardinal's voice was sounded in the same key of protest which had signalised his writings forty years before. At the end, as at the beginning, he condemned the spirit of revolt against Authority. In whatever else he had changed, he had not changed in that. The days of the Anglican revival and the days of the Roman Cardinalate were consistent with each other in this, that alike in both he was the unyielding foe of the principles of religious Liberalism.

The next day his Eminence received the biretta, and on the 14th, attended by his trainbearer, gentlemen of honour in full Pontifical court dress, the Fathers of the Oratory, and the Master of the Ceremonies to the Pope, he was received at the door of the English College, and conducted into a large chamber, crowded with ladies and gentlemen—Protestants as well as Catholics—to receive at the hands of the English-speaking Catholic residents in Rome a graceful and substantial mark of their regard. The vestments of his great office, which had been subscribed for by these admiring co-religionists, were exposed to view: the cloth of silver cope and jewelled mitre for state occasions, the pectoral cross and chain, and a silver-gilt altar candlestick. On each of the vestments was worked his Eminence's coat-of-arms in proper heraldic colours, and his motto, *Cor ad cor loquitur*. The illuminated address, which accompanied this rich gift and congratulated its recipient on his elevation to the Sacred Purple, was read by Lady Herbert of Lea, who had taken an active and zealous part in organising the testimonial, and in carrying it to a successful issue. Cardinal Newman warmly and touchingly thanked his friends for their delicate and thoughtful kindness, and for their ardent wishes for his future usefulness. It was announced at the same time that the Pope had conferred the Church of St. Giorgio in Velabro on him, perhaps choosing it on account of the peculiar fitness of an edifice dedicated to the patron saint of England.

The ceremonial attendant upon the elevation was not, however, yet over. On the 15th, the Pope placed the Red Hat on the heads of the new Cardinals, and afterwards, at a secret Consistory, performed the ceremony of opening

and closing their mouths, and giving them their rings. Cardinal Newman was then named a member of four Congregations, those of Rites, of the Propaganda, of Studies, and of Indulgences and Holy Relics. This brought the great business to an end. But the fatigue and excitement of these four consecutive days of ceremony had done their work. The Cardinal had overtaxed his strength. What he had gone through would have tried the endurance of a much younger man. No sooner was it all over than he broke down. Symptoms of what the Romans call *febbre di strapazzo* were observed by his physicians with the utmost anxiety. For many days he lay seriously, if not dangerously, ill. His great age furnished ground for grave uneasiness. Fortunately the febrile symptoms were soon mastered, and then the important task of the doctors was to build up their patient's strength. This they succeeded in doing, to the great joy of the Catholic world, and his Eminence slowly recovered. On June 2nd he went to the Vatican to take his leave of the Pope, and was granted a private audience. The Fathers of the Oratory were afterwards introduced to His Holiness, who expressed his interest in their work, and his pleasure that the honour conferred upon their illustrious head had given satisfaction to the English public. Having paid a number of farewell visits, Cardinal Newman left Rome on his homeward journey.

He arrived in Birmingham on July 1st, looking very thin and feeble, and accompanied by Father Neville, who had been with him during the whole of his absence, and had tended him most lovingly during his illness. At the Oratory, a large congregation gave him a cordial and reverent welcome. Very touchingly he referred in a few unstudied words of thanks, to his safe return. "To come home again!" he said, "in that word *home* how much is included. I know well that there is a more heroic life than a home life. We know how the blessed Apostles went about, and we listen to St. Paul's words—those touching words in which he speaks of himself, and says he was an outcast. Then we know, too, that our blessed Lord had not where to lay his head. Therefore, of course, there is a higher life, a more heroic life than that of home. The idea of home is consecrated

to us by our patron and founder, St. Philip, for he made the idea of home the very essence of his religion and institute. Therefore, I do indeed feel pleasure in coming home again." And he went on, in a voice faltering with emotion, to say that he had been very ill, and had almost feared that he should never return to England alive, but that he now hoped to spend his days at the Oratory until he was called to the everlasting home. Many of the congregation were moved to tears. The Cardinal himself broke down under the combined effects of physical weakness and mental agitation. It was an affecting though a happy home coming. Some of those who were present, and many more who read his remarks the next day, could not help remembering that in the lot which he chose years before, with the courage and honesty of strong convictions, there was no place for the clinging ties of the family circle, for the tender love of woman, or the filial affection of children. But his cloistered life at Edgbaston was sweetened and refined by the influences of strong friendship, and the spiritual bond which holds the brotherhood at the Oratory together. It was to him a "home" in a sense which few of us engaged in the hurry and scramble of daily life can understand or attain to. There is something in the apostolic wanderings that claims admiration ; and in the life of a modern missionary, passed amid dangers of which we are happily ignorant at home, there is a nobleness of self-denial of which the world takes too little heed ; but these are for sanguine youth and lusty manhood. Old age claims its rest ; the evening of life should be spent within the shadow of the chimney corner. All who heard Cardinal Newman's contrast between the active life and the home life felt that he, at least, after the heat and burden of the day, was entitled to sit down and rest in the eventide beneath his own vine and fig-tree.

Fresh congratulations awaited him. He had already received and acknowledged an address from the Catholic Archbishop and Bishops of England. Towards the end of July a deputation from the Irish Roman Catholic Union brought him an address, in which reference was made to his efforts for the advancement of University education for Irish Catholics, his lectures on the scope and

nature of University education, and the great work he had accomplished as its Rector in moulding their newly-formed University. In reply, he said that a desire to serve Ireland was the real motive of his writings and doings while he had been amongst them. The Catholic Total Abstinence League elicited from him the statement that he looked upon them, in the spirit of their work, almost as a religious body. Replying to an address from his own congregation at the Oratory, he said that the Holy Father had expressed a wish that he should not separate himself from his own duties and responsibilities at Edgbaston, and it was therefore a consolation to him to know that he should be there to the end, and should die as he had lived, the Father of the Oratory, and the priest and pastor of the Oratory Mission. Later on, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, and other influential members of the Presentation Fund Committee waited upon him at Edgbaston and referred, in a eulogistic address, to his Anglican controversies and their fruits, his conversion, his University work, and the general distinction, usefulness, and zeal of his life. Other addresses were presented from the Catholic Poor School's Committee, the Academia, and the Female College of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Liverpool; to all of which his Eminence made brief but suitable replies. One of the most pleasing testimonies of congratulation came from New South Wales, the Catholics of which sent him a golden salver and an appreciatory address.

And here we must leave Cardinal Newman, in the full enjoyment of "all which should accompany old age, as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." His life, since his elevation to the Cardinalate, has been singularly uneventful. Now and then he has made a journey to London to visit his friend and former pupil, the Duke of Norfolk, at whose town mansion great receptions of all that is most eminent in intellect and most distinguished in society had been given in his honour; or to sit for his portrait to Mr. Ouless or Mr. Millais, and to have the sad, wistful, far-away look of those expressive features immortalised on canvas. Now and then, too, he has officiated at the consecration of a new church, or preached in aid of some Catholic cause. But for the most part his

days have been spent in study, in quiet contemplation, and in unobtrusive simplicity. The Prince of the Sacred College has never ceased to be at heart a plain Father of the Oratory. There he lives in the ripeness of a rare old age; vigorous in mind, devout in spirit, and content to know, as some compensation for long years of misconception, that his fellow-countrymen understand him at last, and that even if they differ from him in conclusions, as widely as North differs from South, still they respect his motives and admire his sincerity. There he lives, with the long vista of an eventful career, and the memories of the great incidents in which he has played a part, to fill his retrospective gaze; and the noise of "the mighty waters rolling evermore" to satisfy his imagination as he looks forward to the shores of the "immortal sea."

FINIS

Appendix.

The following letters, written by Cardinal Newman at various times and on various subjects, are inserted here to avoid burdening the narrative by incorporating them in the text. They have all been previously published.

"WHY I LEFT THE ANGLICAN CHURCH."

"Oratory, Alcester Street, Birmingham, *February* 20, 1849.

"Thank you very much, my dear Allies, for your most interesting, and, if I might use the word without offence, hopeful book. It cannot be but it must subserve the cause of Catholic unity, of which you must know I think there is but one way. You do me injustice if you think, as I half gathered from a sentence in it, that I speak contemptuously of those who now stand where I have stood myself. But persons like yourself should recollect that *the* reason *why* I left the Anglican Church was that I thought salvation was not to be found in it. This feeling could not stop there. If it led me to leave Anglicanism, it necessarily led me, and leads me, to wish others to leave it. The position of those who leave it, in the only way in which I think it justifiable to leave it, is necessarily one of *hostility* to it. To leave it merely as *a* branch of the Catholic Church, for another which I liked better, would have been to desert without reason the post where Providence put me. It is impossible, then, but that a convert, if justifiable on the grounds of his conversion, must be an enemy of the Communion he has left, and more intensely so than a foreigner who knows nothing about that Communion at all.

"Moreover he will feel most anxiously about those whom he has left in it, lest they should be receiving grace which ought to bring them into the Catholic Church, yet are in the way to quench it, and to sink into a state in which there is no hope.

"Especially will he be troubled at those who put themselves forward as teachers of a system which they cannot trace to any set of men nor any doctor, before themselves; who give up history, documents, theological authors; and maintain that it is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to deny the signs of Catholicism and Divine acceptance, as a *fact*, in the existing bearing and action of their Communion.

"But of such as you, my dear Allies, I will even augur better things, and hope against hope, and believe the day will come when (excuse me) you will confess that you have been in a dream; and meanwhile I will not cease to say Mass for you, and all who stand where you stand, on the tenth day of every month, unless something very particular occur.

"Again begging you to excuse this freedom, I am,

"My dear Allies,

"Most sincerely yours,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To the* REV. T. W. ALLIES, M.A."

MRS. ALLIES' CHANGE OF FAITH.

"Oratory, Birmingham, *May* 23, 1850.

"My dear Allies,

"Your most welcome letter came to me only this morning; and, while it gave me most sincere pleasure, it vexed me much to think that I should not be in town this week.

"In truth I have been quite knocked up with my lectures. I have two to do for next week, hardly begun, and, though I am usually well, a matter of this kind generally oversets me. I have face-ache at night and am much pulled down; and, did I attempt to go to town till next week, I am certain I should not have my lectures ready for the days appointed. I was writing till the last minute before delivering my last.

"It is a great grief to me to keep Mrs. Allies in suspense, for I know how painful a time that is. However, I will receive her, if all is well, and if it suits her, early on Thursday morning, Corpus Christi day, if she wishes it. I cannot come up before. Wednesday is St. Philip's Day, our Founder. I keep it here, and go up to King William Street in the evening, when I have Dr. Wiseman at supper as my guest.

"I enclose a little book for Mrs. Allies and a medal—let her wear it, and every day use the Memorare, if she can find it, in the 'Golden Manual,' kissing it. And let her say once a day the Litany of Penance in the 'Golden Manual.'

"I write this on the supposition she resolves to wait till next week; but she may prefer to be received at once. There is a quiet old priest, called Wilds, who received a friend of mine, close to Dr. Wiseman's (10, Upper John Street). I don't think I should like you to mention my name as sending you, lest he should not be able to refuse you, since he is very old. He would receive you very kindly, if you said you were a friend of mine and began talking of me.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To the* REV. T. W. ALLIES, M.A."

THE PUSEY CONTROVERSY.

"Oratory, Birmingham, *October* 11, 1850.

"My dear Allies,

"We shall be glad to see you at any time; but I am sorry to say that I *cannot* be *sure* whether we shall have room inside the house. At present three of our party are away, or rather a fourth, whose room B—— occupies, but I don't know quite when they return. Even if, however, by bad luck, we were full, we would manage for you in some way.

"We set up formally the London House on the anniversary of my reception. Thank you for remembering it.

"They are now quite separate from us and me. It is a sorrowful thing, and anxious, yet hopeful.

"I have just received Maskell's able and settling pamphlet, but I am very sorry the three letters did not appear, as you intended, immediately on their being written. Then they would have produced an effect. The *question* would have been before the world, and the *doubt* would have thrown the *onus probandi* on Pusey. Now, it is to be feared, the *onus probandi* will be upon the 'Why should I read Maskell?' The more I think of it, the more I regret it.

"Dear C. Marriott could make up his mind to-morrow to be a Catholic, if he would; at least this is my feeling, though you have seen him so much lately, and I not. I don't think he has any argument, unless arguments have grown on him, except Pusey and sanguineness.

"All kind thoughts of Mrs. Allies.

"Believe me, ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN,

"Congr. Orat.

"*To* T. W. ALLIES, M.A."

CONFIDENCE AND PEACE.

"Oratory, Birmingham, *November* 20, 1850.

"My dear Hope,

"It is with the greatest pleasure I have just read the letter you wrote to Bathurst. I now fully see that your silence has arisen merely from the difficulty of writing to one in another communion, and the irksomeness and indolence (if you will let me so speak) we all feel in doing what is difficult, what may be misconceived, and what can scarcely have object or use.

"I know perfectly well, my dear Hope, your great moral and intellectual qualities, and will not cease to pray that the grace of God may give you the obedience of faith, and use them as His instruments.

"For myself—I say it from my heart—I have not had a single doubt, or temptation to doubt, since I became a Catholic.

"I believe this to be the case with most men; it certainly is with those with whom I am in habits of intimacy. My great temptation is to be at *peace*, and let things go on as they will, and not trouble myself about others. This being the case, your recommendation that I should 'take a review of doctrine and of the difficulties which beset it to an Anglican,' is anything but welcome, and makes me smile.

"Surely, enough has been written: all the writing in the world would not destroy the necessity of faith. If all were now made clear to reason, where would be the exercise of faith? The single question is whether *enough* has not been done to reduce the difficulties so far as to hinder them absolutely blocking up the way, or excluding those direct and large arguments on which the reasonableness of faith is built.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To* J. R. HOPE, Q.C."

THE PASSAGE OF TIME.

"The Oratory, *Christmas Eve*, 1857.

"I was rejoiced to hear so good an account of your health and of all your party. I suppose you are full of plans about your new property and your old. Your sister tells me you have got into your new wing at Abbotsford. As for the far-away region, of which I have not yet learned the name, I suppose you are building there either a fortress against evil times, or a new town and port for happy times. Have you yet found gold on your estate?—for that seems the fashion.

"I am glad to call to mind and commemorate by a letter the pleasant days I passed in the North this time five years. Five years has a melancholy sound to me now, for it is like a passing bell, knolling away time. I hope it is not wrong to say that the passage of time is now sad to me as well as awful, because it brings before me how much I ought to have done, how much I have to do, and how little time I have to do it in. I wonder whether Badeley is with you? What a strange thing life is! We see each other as through the peep-holes of a show. When had I last a peep at him or you?

"*To* J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C."

A BULWARK OR A BREAKWATER?

"The Oratory, Birmingham, *November* 19, 1865.

"Sir,

"I beg leave to call your attention to a passage in your admirable Review last week of Dr. Pusey's recent work. It is there asserted by implication that 'the statement that the Church of England is, in God's hands, the great bulwark against infidelity in this land,' was 'originally enunciated by Dr. Newman.'

"I have written in my lifetime a great deal more than I can remember, but I neither know where I have made this particular statement, nor can I conceive I ever made it, whether in print, in private letter, or in conversation. And I am sure I should not have made it deliberately. Certainly, it does not express my real judgment concerning the Church of England. Nor have I any reason to think that Dr. Pusey ascribes it to me.

"What I said in my 'Apologia' was this: 'Doubtless the National Church has hitherto been a serviceable breakwater against doctrinal errors more fundamental than its own.'

"The words 'serviceable' and 'breakwater' both convey the idea of something accidental and *de facto;* whereas a bulwark is an essential part of the thing defended. Moreover, in saying 'against doctrinal errors more fundamental than its own,' I simply meant that, while it happens to serve Catholic truth in one respect, nevertheless in another it has doctrinal errors, and those fundamental.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To the Editor of* THE WEEKLY REGISTER."

ON POETICAL ART.

"The Oratory, *December* 21, 1867.

"My dear Badeley,

"I have not been without apprehension lest, in dedicating to you a number of poetical compositions, I should hardly be making a suitable offering to a member of a grave profession, which is especially employed in rubbing off the gloss with which imagination and sentiment invest matters of every-day life, and in reducing statements of fact to their legitimate dimensions. And, besides this, misgivings have not unnaturally come over me on the previous question; viz., whether, after all, the contents of the volume are of sufficient importance to make it an acceptable offering to any friend whatever.

"And I must frankly confess, as to the latter difficulty, that certainly it never would have occurred to me thus formally to bring together into one effusions which I have ever considered ephemeral, had I not lately found from publications of the day, what I never suspected before, that there are critics—and they strangers to me—who think well both of some of my compositions and of my power of composing. It is this commendation, bestowed on me to my surprise as well as to my gratification, which has encouraged me just now to republish what I have from time to time written; and if, in doing so, I shall be found, as is not unlikely, to have formed a volume of unequal merit, my excuse must be, that I despair of discovering any standard by which to discriminate aright between one poetical attempt and another. Accordingly, I am thrown, from the nature of the case, whether I will or no, upon my own judgment, which, biassed by the associations of memory and by personal feelings, and measuring, perhaps, by the pleasure of verse-making, the worth of the verse, is disposed either to preserve them all, or to put them all aside.

"Here another contrast presents itself between the poetical art and the science of law. Your profession has its definitive authorities, its prescriptions, its precedents, and its principles, by which to determine the claim of its authors on public attention; but what philosopher will undertake to rule matters of taste, or to bring under one idea or method works so different from each other as those of Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar; of Terence, Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial? What court is sitting, and what code is received, for the satisfactory determination of the poetical pretensions of writers of the day? Whence can we hope to gain a verdict upon them, except from the unscientific tribunals of Public Opinion and of Time? In Poetry, as in Metaphysics, a book is of necessity a venture.

"And now, coming to the suitableness of my offering, I know well, my dear Badeley, how little you will be disposed to criticise what comes to you from me, whatever be its intrinsic value. Less still in this case, considering that a chief portion of the volume grew out of that Religious Movement which you yourself, as well as I, so faithfully followed from first to last. And least of all, when I tell you that I wish it to be the poor expression, long-delayed, of my gratitude, never intermitted, for the great services which you rendered to me years ago,

by your legal skill and affectionate zeal, in a serious matter in which I found myself in collision with the law of the land. Those services I have ever desired in some public, however inadequate, way to record; and now, as time hurries on and opportunities are few, I am forced to ask you to let me acknowledge my debt to you as I can, since I cannot as I would.

"We are now, both of us, in the decline of life: may that warm attachment which has lasted between us inviolate for so many years, be continued, by the mercy of God, to the end of our earthly course, and beyond it!

"I am, my dear Badeley,

"Affectionately yours,

"J. H. N.

"*To* EDWARD BADELEY.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF KEBLE.

"Rednall, *September* 17, 1868.

"Dear Sir John Coleridge,

"I must begin by apologising for my delay in acknowledging your letter of the 10th. Owing to accidental circumstances my time has not been my own; and now, when at length I write, I fear I shall disappoint you in the answer which alone I can give to your question. It almost seems to me as if you were so kind as to wish me to write such an account of my visit to Mr. Keble as might appear in your 'Memoir;' but, as I think you will see, my memory is too weak to allow of my putting on paper any particulars of it which are worth preserving. It was remarkable, certainly, that three friends—he, Dr. Pusey, and myself—who had been so intimately united for so many years, and then for so many years had been separated, at least one of them from the other two, should meet together just once again; and, for the first and last time, dine together simply by themselves. And the more remarkable, because not only by chance they met all three together, but there were positive chances against their meeting.

"Keble had wished me to come to him, but the illness of his wife, which took them to Bournemouth, obliged him to put me off. On their return to Hursley, I wrote to him on the subject of my visit, and fixed a day for it. Afterwards, hearing from Pusey that he, too, was going to Hursley on the very day I had named, I wrote to Keble to put off my visit. I told him, as I think, my reason. I had not seen either of them for twenty years, and to see both of them at once would be more, I feared, than I could bear. Accordingly, I told him I should go from Birmingham to friends in the Isle of Wight, in the first place, and thence some day go over to Hursley. This was on September 12, 1865. But when I had got into the Birmingham train for Reading, I felt it was like cowardice to shrink from the meeting, and I changed my mind again. In spite of my having put off my visit to him, I slept at Southampton, and made my appearance at Hursley next morning without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me, and asked my name. What was more wonderful,

since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other, he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollected so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack of her complaint that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do, nor, indeed, had he expected me; 'for Pusey,' he whispered, 'is in the house, as you are aware.'

"Then he brought me into his study and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey, and send him to me.

"I think I got there in the forenoon, and remained with him four or five hours, dining at one or two. He was in and out of the room all the time I was with him, attending on his wife, and I was left with Pusey. I recollect very little of the conversation that passed at dinner. Pusey was full of the question of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and Keble expressed his joy that it was a common cause, in which I could not substantially differ from them; and he caught at such words of mine as seemed to show agreement. Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford was talked of, and I said that I really thought that had I been still a member of the University I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this, Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear (I cannot recollect the exact words, but I took them to be), 'And is not that just?' It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment, and was favourable to the Church of the Irish.

"Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the Evening Service in church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. He said he would write to me in the Isle of Wight as soon as his wife got better, and then I should come over and have a day with him. We walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the church and churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with more than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted, and soon I was obliged to go.

"I remained in the island till I had his promised letter. It was to the effect that his wife's illness had increased, and he must give up the hopes of my coming to him. Thus, unless I had gone on that day, when I was so very near not going, I should not have seen him at all.

"He wrote me many notes about this time; in one of them he made a reference to the lines in 'Macbeth':—

> 'When shall we three meet again?
> 'When the hurley-burley's done,
> 'When the battle's lost and won.'

"This is all I can recollect of a visit of which almost the sole vivid memory which remains with me is the image of Keble himself.

"I am, dear Sir John Coleridge,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To* SIR JOHN T. COLERIDGE."

THE DEATH OF MR. BADELEY.

"Rednall, *March* 31, 1868.

"My dear Hope-Scott,

"What a heavy, sudden, unexpected blow! I shall not see him now till I have crossed the stream which he has crossed. How dense is our ignorance of the future!—a darkness which can be felt, and the keenest consequence and token of the Fall. Till we remind ourselves of what we are—in a state of punishment—such surprises make us impatient, and almost angry, alas!

"But my blow is nothing to yours, though you had the great consolation of sitting by his side, and being with him to the last. What a fulness of affection he poured out on you and yours; and how he must have rejoiced to have your faithful presence with him when he was going. This is your joy and your pain.

"Now he has the recompense for that steady, well-ordered, perpetual course of devotion and obedience which I ever admired in him, and felt to be so much above anything I could reach. All or most of us have said Mass for him, I am sure, this morning; certainly, we two have who are here.

"I did not write to you during the past fortnight, thinking it would only bother you, and knowing I should hear if there was anything to tell. But you have been as much surprised as any one at his sudden summons. I knew it was the beginning of the end, but thought it was only the beginning. How was it his medical men did not know better?

"I suppose the funeral is on Saturday. God bless and keep and sustain you!

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To* J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C."

THE PASSING AWAY OF FRIENDS.

"The Oratory, *March* 3, 1870.

"My dear Hope-Scott,

"After writing a conversational letter to Bellasis yesterday, I heard at night so sad an account, which I had not anticipated, of his pain and his weakness and want of sleep, that I was distressed that it had gone, and felt that it would harass him to receive a second letter so soon, and, as he would anticipate, as unseasonable as the former. Therefore I enclose with this a few lines to him, which you can let him have when you think right.

"I do not undervalue the seriousness of your first letter about him, and have had him constantly in my mind; but I did not contemplate his pain, or his sudden decline. I thought it would be a long business, but now I find the complaint is making its way.

"What a severe blow it must be to you! But to me, in my own way, it is very great too; for, though I am not in his constant society as you are, he has long been *pars magna* of this place, and he has, by his various acts of friendship through a succession of years, created for himself a presence in my thoughts, so that the thought of being without

him carries with it the sense of a void, to which it is difficult to assign a limit. Three æquales I have lost—Badeley, H. Bowden, and Bellasis; and such losses seem to say that I have no business here myself. It is the penalty of living to lose the great props of life. What a melancholy prospect for his poor boys! When you have an opportunity, say everthing kind for me to Mrs. Bellasis. I shall, I trust, say two Masses a week for him. He is on our prayer lists. What a vanity is life! How it crumbles under one's touch!

"I hope you are getting strong, and that this does not weigh too heavily on you.

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To* J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C."

A DEDICATION.

January, 1872.

"My dear Woodgate,

"Half a century and more has passed since you first allowed me to know you familiarly, and to possess your friendship.

"Now in the last decade of our lives, it is pleasant to me to look back upon those old Oxford days, in which we were together, and in memory of them, to dedicate to you a volume, written, for the most part, before the currents of opinion and the course of events carried friends away in various directions, and brought about great changes and bitter separations.

"Those issues of religious inquiry I cannot certainly affect to lament, as far as they concern myself; as they relate to others, at least it is left to me, by such acts as you now allow me, to testify to them that affection which time and absence cannot quench, and which is the more fresh and buoyant because it is so old.

"I am, my dear Woodgate,

"Your attached and constant friend,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To the* REV. HENRY ARTHUR WOODGATE, B.D., Honorary Canon of Worcester."

THE JESUITS.

October 20, 1874.

"Sir,

"I am in the number of those who, as you anticipate, have read in your paper with 'astonishment' that before now I have sought admittance into the Society of Jesus. I write at once to say that such a statement is altogether without foundation. It is true that I have ever held in veneration, and regarded with affection and gratitude, various members of that wonderful society; but at no time, since I have been a Catholic, have I for a moment entertained the idea of belonging to it.

"As I have never asked admission into it, it follows that admission has never been denied to me. There is no ground at all for saying so.

"I take this opportunity of thanking you for the kind and flattering terms in which from time to time I have been mentioned in your paper.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To the Editor of* THE DAILY TELEGRAPH."

A LETTER OF CONSOLATION.

"The Oratory.

"My dear Mr. Dering,

"I have felt for you very much. There are wounds of the spirit which never close, and are intended in God's mercy to bring us nearer to Him, and to prevent us leaving Him, by their very perpetuity. Such wounds, then, may almost be taken as a pledge, or at least as a ground for humble trust, that God will give us the great gift of perseverance to the end. As she has now passed the awful stream which we all have to ford, and is safe, so in the fact of having been taken from you, she seems to give you an intimation that you are to pass it safely also, when your time comes, and you are to meet her again then for ever. Your losing her here is thus the condition of your meeting her hereafter.

"This is how I comfort myself in my own great bereavements. I lost, last year, my dearest friend unexpectedly. I never had so great a loss. He had been my life, under God, for thirty-two years. I don't expect the wound will ever heal, but from my heart I bless God, and would not have it otherwise, for I am sure that the bereavement is one of those Divine Providences necessary for my attaining that Heavenly Rest which he, through God's mercy, has already secured.

"So cheer up, and try to do God's Will in all things according to the day, as I pray to be able to do myself.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"*To* EDWARD HENEAGE DERING."

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